

THE

American Girl

JANUARY 1946

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THE American Girl

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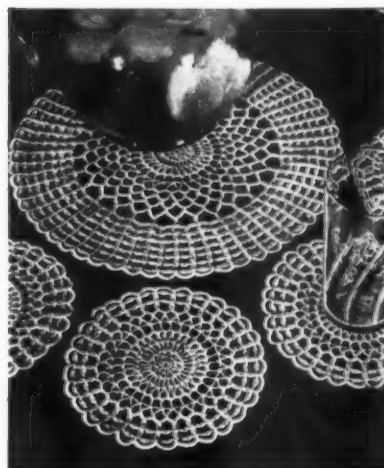
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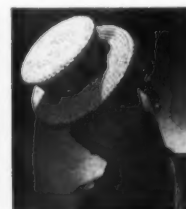
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Are you in the know?



How to belittle a too-big foot?

- ☐ Wear shoes with instep interest
- ☐ Choose cut-out toes
- ☐ Shun fussy, light-hued shoes

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is *really* inconspicuous, for those special *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show! The fact is, Kotex' flat pressed ends actually prevent revealing outlines. So there's no worrisome "give-away" bulge with Kotex!



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- ☐ Pin curl wave
- ☐ Finger wave

You, too, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut... wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. *Now, Kotex contains a deodorant.* Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.



Do you think she's carrying a—

- ☐ Ditty bag
- ☐ Knitting bag
- ☐ Bicycle bag

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Should you let him pay your way if—

- ☐ It's a pre-arranged date
- ☐ You meet unexpectedly
- ☐ You never saw him before

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—*unless* it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. And you're free from bunching... roping!



A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX' NAPKIN
AT NO EXTRA COST...



More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins

I went to my locker after the purse was gone! At it didn't seem possible



Becky and the Youth Problem

by LOULA GRACE ERDMAN

MIKE WHITTEN, who is my best boy friend, and likewise a pain in the neck more often than not, says he was not one bit surprised to see me turn detective, because he always knew I was one of the most curious females alive. But Mike is given to exaggeration, besides being one of the world's worst teases. Maybe he wasn't surprised at me, but I was surely good and astonished at myself.

I have always said that we have the nicest bunch in the world at Allen High. Most of the kids are really super duper, if you get what I mean. But I guess you couldn't get that many people together anywhere without having some sorry ones along with the good. It would happen in any crowd, in high school or not.

Blackhart

Things have been made a lot worse by the war. Mothers and fathers have been working, leaving the kids to shift by themselves. People have moved about so much that no one stays long enough to know anyone else. I have tried to be friendly to the new ones—only I didn't always

know when they were new. Millicent Finley, who is secretary of the class, and a featherbrain of the first water, says I should have a button, "Official Greeter for the Allen Chamber of Commerce." But Millicent was only peeved because I insisted that she keep a record of all the names of new pupils, to see that we recognized them at some time during opening exercises or on programs. Millicent is terribly allergic to work.

I must admit that I felt I was being very friendly about the whole matter. It's a wonder I didn't dislocate my arm, patting myself on the back. Actually, down in my heart, I suppose I didn't give too much thought to the matter of the new students, except to feel awfully glad I wasn't one of them. My goodness—how I would hate to have to go off somewhere else to school! There may be other girls in the world as steady and comforting as Jeanie MacIntosh, my best friend, but I don't want to go out looking for them. And even though I lie awake thinking of snappy retorts to make to Mike, I would still rather fuss with him than get along with any other boy I know.

And just to think of leaving our house—with the rugs the gang has worn thin through many years of tramping, and the broken chair Baby Geisler sat down in too hard the time the Science Club met at our house—just to think of going somewhere else to live makes me positively ill.

So I can't blame anyone who acts strange when he is far away from home. I can't blame him for misbehaving in class, or not getting lessons, or failing to obey school rules. It's understandable, for our ways, good and right as they seem to us, may not be the ways of other schools. But I did get hopping mad when someone stole my purse, for private property is private property, whether one is in Allen High or Timbuctu.

IT WAS such a love of a purse. My Aunt Lelia had sent it to me from New York, which made it quite the most—well, the most *cosmopolitan* thing I had ever possessed. There was nothing, positively nothing, which could have prevented me from taking it to school with me the day after I got it. I couldn't be expected to throw away a chance like that to prove myself a woman of the world.

**Mable wasn't really a bad girl—and
Becky wasn't a snob. But it
almost took an atom bomb to prove it!**

I showed it to the gang practically before I got inside the building. Baby Geisler went on eating peanuts, without even blinking an eye or missing a peanut. Millicent said it was the sweetest thing she ever saw, positively. Jeanie said she bet it cost a pretty penny, what with tax and all. (Jeanie's first thought, always, is the cost of things.) Mike said he bet I already had it weighed down with enough junk to sink a battleship, because women carried everything but the kitchen sink in their purses. I told him he was so killingly funny that I was about to laugh until I dropped the purse—and then wouldn't he be surprised to find out that about all I had in it was the money for a Victory Bond. And what was more, I had earned that money myself, being handy woman around the house! That's me—Becky Linton, Little Sunshine-In-The-Home.

There we stood laughing together, not paying much attention to others passing by us. I wished afterward that I had noticed them enough to be able to pick them out. And while we were talking, the warning bell rang, so I dashed off to put my purse away and get my books out of my locker.

I was rushing so that afterward I couldn't remember for sure whether I'd locked it away. Anyway, when I came out between classes my purse was gone. I pawed through everything, turning up things I had thought were lost since last September. But the purse simply wasn't there. I couldn't believe it was gone, so I went through everything again. And it was then that I began to get really mad. I was mad, naturally, about losing the money, for bonds don't grow on trees—at least not on the trees in our yard. But I was simply furious over losing the lipstick that was in the purse.

It was only by wearing Dad down that I had got that lipstick. Daddy is very modern in most respects, but he is very set in his notion that young girls should wear nothing any more colorful on their lips than white vaseline. I had had any number of arguments with him over the matter, and we always wound up with Daddy the winner, and me continuing to wear that utterly loathesome stuff which he considered proper for a

girl of my age. Until one day in a weak moment he gave in, but he said I'd have to buy it with my own money—he'd have no part of it.

I had to save for a long time in these days of War Stamps, Red Cross dues, etc., for of course those things come first. I went

without many a coke, and passed up a couple of good movies, before I had enough saved to buy that super Bond Street, in its red, white, and gold case. It was the loss of the lipstick, as much as the bond money, that upset me.

Of course I should have gone to the office and reported my loss at once, only I couldn't remember for sure whether I had really locked my locker. Mr. Curtis is awfully sweet about most things, but he gets cross if we are careless about our lockers. So I didn't tell him. I didn't tell Mother and Daddy either, once I got home. Mother had said she thought it was foolish to take the purse to school, and I had gone right on. I thought I'd just wait to tell her, or report it at school, because I might find it the next day. Daddy said at the dinner table that I looked much nicer with my lips natural, as a young girl's should be. And I said yes—natural like I had been scared by a ghost or something.

NEXT day when I got to school, a note was stuck in my locker. It had been pushed in between the door and the side, so that it sort of stuck out. I couldn't have missed it, even if I'd been blind. I thought at first that it was Mike getting sentimental, and was all set for a good glow when I opened it.

It wasn't from Mike at all. It was printed, with a very evident desire to disguise the writing, on the sort of theme paper we use for our classwork. It said:

IF YOU WILL GO TO DIXIE TRAILER CAMP AND LOOK UP THE FRAILER PARKED ON LOT FORTY-NINE, YOU MAY GET NEWS OF YOUR PURSE. ASK FOR A GIRL NAMED MABLE. DON'T LET HER TELL YOU SHE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

A FRIEND

I read it through twice. There wasn't any way in the world to tell who had written it. Mable—Mable—try as I would, I couldn't think of anyone named Mable in my classes. I thought for a moment of going down to the office and asking if we had any girls named Mable who lived in the Dixie Camp. And then I knew I couldn't do that, for if I had meant to make any investigation through the office, I should have done so the minute I found out the purse was gone.

Illustrated by JAMES L. LOCKHART

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Besides, the note might be just someone trying to get the girl named Mable into trouble.

About that time Millicent came by. "Go put on some lipstick, Becky," she said. "You look positively gruesome."

That settled it. I was going to find the lipstick if it was the last thing I did.

The minute school was out I went to catch a bus, turning down Mike's invitation to go for a coke and Jeanie's offer to walk home with me. Don't try to tell me that women are the curious ones. Jeanie took my refusal as a matter of course, but Mike asked a dozen questions. Finally I told him I was going to call on my aunt's pet goldfish, which had been rescued from death by drowning only yesterday.

I got on the bus and rode until I thought I must be at the world's edge, and then changed busses and rode some more. Just when I was beginning to understand why sailors with Columbus were ready to mutiny when they didn't reach land, the driver said, "Get off here for Dixie Camp, Miss. Walk two blocks south, and there she is."

For about two cents, I would have stayed right on that bus and gone back with him. Two more blocks—after the riding I had already done. I wondered how Mable—if she really lived here—ever got up the courage to come to Allen High in the first place. It meant she must have to start at around midnight to get there in time.

But I got off the bus, and walked to the entrance of the camp. A fat man, the kind you see hanging around concessions at the circus, was lounging near the gate.

"Looking for someone, sis?" he asked.

I said no, not specially, but could he tell me where lot forty-nine would be.

"Row four, number nine," he said.

I started across the narrow, cluttered parking lot. There was no grass to speak of. The trailers were all jammed together. You could hear babies crying, smell what everyone was cooking for supper, hear everyone's radio going at once. It was bedlam, and if I lived in it, I would go crazy. But definitely.

There was a girl standing

by the steps of the trailer in lot forty-nine. She was about my size, my height, my coloring. It gave me a shivery feeling just to see her standing there, as if I were seeing how easily it might have been me instead of her. If Daddy had decided to go off somewhere else to live, instead of staying here and running his own grocery store—well, I could have been the girl standing there.

All at once I knew I had seen her at school—she was one of the new students whose names I had made Millicent announce. But whether she was Mable or not I couldn't say. I just remembered that I had seen her, here and there, at school. And suddenly I was scared. I could no more have walked up and asked her about that purse than anything in the world. It would have been like walking up and asking me if I had stolen it from myself.

I didn't need to ask. She saw me, and didn't look surprised, but rather as if she had been expecting me to come.

"I suppose you want your purse," she said quietly.

I just stood there, feeling awkward and silly. You'd think I was the one who had taken something that didn't belong to me.

"I was going to bring it back in the morning," she said. "You could have saved yourself the trip if you'd just waited another day. But now that you're here—"

She turned, climbed the trailer steps, and came back with the purse.

"Here it is," she said, handing it over to me.

I took it. "Thank you," I finally managed to stammer.

"It's no use to say I didn't mean to keep it," the girl said, "because you couldn't understand if I told you. It doesn't mean anything to you. You didn't even close your locker when you put it in. I walked by and there it was, lying on the floor. I picked it up and was going to the office to turn it in, and then I thought I'd just keep it, and give it to you myself."

She hesitated a minute, then went on, a queer, twisted smile on her face. "I thought maybe if I brought it to you myself you'd really notice me, talk to me a little. I was—well, I was pretty lonely. I thought that purse would give me an excuse to talk to you. I put it in my locker. And then, between bells, I tried to stop you and tell you I had it, but you sailed by me like a spitball in study hall."

"I was looking for my purse," I told her stiffly.

"Oh, that's all right! You had a good excuse. You've had one all year, when you've passed me without even seeing me. Oh, yes, I know you thought you were being awfully democratic and friendly, having us new pupils recognized, and so on. You did that because it made you feel important, not because it helped us to feel at home. You never really saw us. I came from a school where I was popular, and a good leader, too. It wasn't a big school like this, but we had good times, and I hated to leave it. We had picnics and parties, and the gang was always running in after school. If I had a gang, where would it come—here!"

The wave of her hand included all the camp—the dirt, and the crying babies, and the blaring radios.

"You wouldn't think of that, though!" she said. "You've got everything, and you don't need to think of others. You're rich, and you're popular. Your folks run this town, just like you run the school. When you want a party, you have a nice place to have it. How could I bring my friends here—if I had any! But I don't have any—you don't even know my name. And

(Continued on page 41)



"You've got everything," she said. "You're rich and popular and you don't think of others"



To help decipher a coded message, this examiner uses alphabet strips. Cryptanalysts have college degrees, take further training



Names on fingerprint cards are recorded in the Bureau's Card Index Section where workers constantly clear old names, insert new ones

The inside story of the loyal army of women who do their work backstage in the famous Federal Bureau of Investigation

by
J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director Federal Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice

WOMEN'S WORK

A SPY is captured, tried, imprisoned—and all over the country tongues wag about the brilliance and bravery of the G Men who made the capture and arrest. But behind the scenes in every story of this kind are one, two—perhaps a dozen—women who pitted *their* wits against the enemy, too—and won!

True, you rarely hear of the anonymous ladies of the FBI. But their long hours of tedious work, their infinite patience and attention to minute detail unfold like a kaleidoscopic wonder behind each successfully completed case. Their story is not one of colorful glamour, laced with intrigue and set in the soft, romantic background of the Riviera. Far from it—it's a tale of hard, unending, responsible tasks; of girls who wear no uniforms, but whose creed of loyalty, duty, and self-sacrifice is as great and as sincere as that of the finest army.

For many years women have worked in the Federal Bureau of Investigation, quietly sacrificing and endlessly contributing in the war against crime. But—after December, 1941—many, many more girls and women put away their knitting, rolled up their sleeves, and took jobs in the FBI. From towns and cities in every section of America they came, to throw the weight of their intelligence and energy against the enemy—to help destroy his well-woven webs of espionage and sabotage, to bring him to justice. They worked as messengers and clerks, as translators and radio operators, photographers, cartographers, cryptanalysts. In almost every one of the Bureau's departments, in fact, they filled men's shoes and played important roles.

Want to take a look backstage and see these women in



To bring out latent fingerprint patterns skilled girl technicians first use silver nitrate solution, then carbon arc lamps



Thousands of fingerprint cards reach the Bureau's Washington headquarters daily. Here a high speed machine dates each one

In almost every FBI department, women play important roles. Here they operate drying machines in busy photographic lab

IN THE F.B.I.

action? Remember as you read their story, though, that all the investigative work in the field is done by men. But see how each successfully concluded case has its solid background of vital and able work done by women!

Now let's take a case that might happen any day in peacetime and follow step by step, the work done on it by women in the FBI. Let's say that right in your town a bank robber is arrested. First, your police officer fingerprints the man, and sends the card bearing the prints to the Identification Division of the FBI in Washington, D. C. There the card is received in the Recording Section along with hundreds of others, stamped by girl recorders, examined and prepared for further processing and classification by expert girl technicians. And at this point special girl employees of the Routing Section will stamp the card "Special" or "Expedite," if it is one that calls for specially rapid handling. Then it's hurried along by a girl messenger to the enormous Main Card Index Unit. There girl searchers carefully check and recheck the name and alias on our card against the tremendous FBI Master File.

PERHAPS the girls find the robber listed as an undesirable alien, or as a vicious murderer with a long prison record. Whatever his past, it's carefully recorded and sent to the police officer in

your home town. In addition, any police agencies which have had the robber in custody during the past five years are notified of his newest offense, so that their criminal records may be kept thoroughly up to date, too.

Does the work of these girls sound dull and tedious to you? Just remember that it's as important and exciting as it is painstaking—that the bright eyes of these efficient young women have often been the first to identify our most badly wanted criminals. (Continued on page 46)



TO BE truthful, I had begun to wonder if I liked it at State. Oh, the school is grand. The campus is positively beautiful. I liked my professors, and the kids were swell, except that they shied off me as if I were poison oak.

All the first semester I tried to convince myself it was on account of that silly write-up in the paper the first week

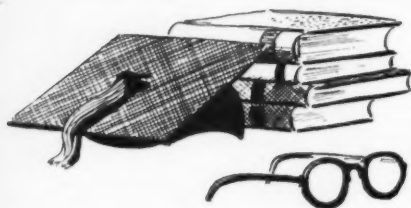
talked about plays and things, and I just listened. We got our cokes and went over to a battered piano with initials carved all over it. He started to play the base of boogie-woogie, drinking his coke and looking at me in a funny way, all at the same time.

"Yep," he said finally, "You'll do."

"Do?" I stuttered.

"I'm casting for 'The College Follies.'"

test. I knew better, too. And in Logic I almost tripped up on a simple little syllogism. Finally I just made myself get down and study all the harder. I gave up worrying about trying to make friends with the girls and spent all my free time over at the music school, practicing. I met a few freshmen there, but they paid no attention to me. It was better that way. I didn't think so much.



Little Genius

of school. According to the account, I was the "Little Genius." Youngest freshman ever to enroll at State. I.Q.—187! Math whiz! It didn't mention that I might possibly be interested in a few other things. No! I was just a fifteen-year-old baby Einstein with no outside interests or hobbies. Not a word about my real interest in life, which is music. "As a visiting prodigy, she once made Joel Kupperman holler uncle." Joel is a swell little boy. He knew the answer seconds before I did. He was just being gallant.

And that horrible picture. Those glasses! I am *not* that pudgy. If Mother had to give Mr. Small a picture, I don't see why she didn't send a recent one—at least not a blurred one.

AND then, all of a sudden, I was in a dither of joy. It started one afternoon a month ago. I was walking out of the Arts Building. It was after my last class for the day, and I bumped right smack into Bill Donnell. He's super. A senior, and very good-looking. He puts on all the shows for the University. He was awfully nice, helping me pick up the books I'd dropped. Then he took a good look at me.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Cynthia De Lyon, sir."

He grunted. "Just call me Bill. I'm Bill Donnell."

"I know, sir. I mean—Bill," I stammered, shivering down to my toes.

"Like a coke?" he asked.

All I could do was nod. As we walked down to "The Dive" we passed a couple of girls from the dorm, and you should have seen the looks on their faces. Bill

It's all very well to be a Quiz Kid—but sometimes it's more fun to be dumb! At least that's what Cynthia decided after starring in both roles

Been looking for someone for a part. You're just the type. Watch the bulletin board in front of the Aud Building for rehearsals. I'll post your name when I want you."

I was so happy I thought I'd burst. I mentioned it casually to the girls at the dorm, thinking they might thaw out and be a little friendly. Later on, I wished I hadn't. Every day for two weeks I went excitedly to the bulletin board at the Aud Building. There were dozens of names, but none of them was mine. I passed Bill Donnell several times on the campus, and he would nod to me. I was sure he hadn't forgotten me. And the girls! I was still the Little Genius, to be treated like faculty. Very helpful with their math problems when respectfully approached, but that was as far as it went.

I knew "The Follies" were coming along. Sharon McKinley, who had the singing lead, sits at my table in The Commons. All she talked about was "The Follies."

I began to have a woozy feeling in the pit of my stomach every time I thought of it—which was most of the time. I only got a 'B' in Calculus on my weekly

And then one morning I saw my name on the call board. The only name there! My heart jumped clear up into my mouth. All day long I could think of nothing else. I went over to the Aud a few minutes early, and as I was looking at the posters out front, I overheard voices just inside the door. It was Bill Donnell and Sharon McKinley.

"I hope the kid shows up," Bill was saying.

"She will," answered Sharon. "She's dying to be called."

"Well, here's hoping she doesn't kick over the traces. She's just exactly the type. Big, round, baby eyes. Kind of a baby curve to her round cheeks. And those glasses—they're just the ticket."

"Not to mention that straight blond hair," chirped Sharon.

AT first I didn't realize they were talking about me. Then I felt like taking the first train home. I think I would have gone straight back to the dorm if Ella Jane, one of the few girls who had been friendly to me, hadn't come along just then.

"Come on, Cynthia," she said.

"I don't know whether I want to be in this or not," I told her.

"Don't be sill," she advised sharply. "Everybody has butterflies in her stomach the first time," and she grabbed my arm

by ERNIE RYDBERG



and pulled me bodily inside the door.

Ella Jane went backstage, and I sat alone in that big auditorium, about half-way back. Pretty soon the orchestra started tuning up. There was a lot of orderly commotion on the stage. It was obvious the show was shaping up. I felt ridiculous—I pictured myself ushering. Pretty soon Bill called for order.

"We're going right through the whole thing tonight. I'll interrupt between acts, but don't let anybody else try it. Okay, overture."

THE orchestra played a medley of college tunes, and well, too. They wound up with State's "All Hail." It was thrilling.

"Okay, first act. Just a minute!" Bill looked out across the auditorium. "Cynthia, please come backstage. All right, boys and gals, let 'er go."

Backstage Bill met me. "Cynthia, we have a tough part for you. It's a comedy part, and you can go to town with it. You're in every scene. Take this one," and he pointed toward the stage. It was a gypsy scene. Violins were playing and Sharon was singing. "Here, slip this on," and he handed me a tattered gypsy dress that dragged the floor. He wiped off my lipstick, hung a dozen necklaces on me, and combed my hair straight down at the sides.

"Where are your glasses?" he asked.

"Home," I mumbled. I was furious.

"Well, here are some prop ones."

They were big and shell-rimmed. He led me to the wings. "All you have to do," he whispered, "is wander through the mob—slowly. Look as dumb as you can. Then exit on the other side. Here, I almost forgot," and he thrust a violin into my hands.

By eleven o'clock I had wandered through every scene, feeling like a big dope. I was supposed to be a goofy gypsy. I was a juggler, but I didn't juggle. I stood like a stupid idiot in front of a xylophone, all set to take a break, and never hit a note. I wore a beautiful gown like one of the Spitalny girls, raised a golden trumpet to my lips a dozen times, but never tooted a toot. I shuffled through a ballet as if I were going to market. In the last scene before the finale there were two grand pianos on the stage and twin brothers, Harry and Jerry Phiffer, playing duets. You'd never believe there was such talent off the professional stage.

Anyway, I took over one piano while Harry played a solo, "Tonight We Love," on the other. I slid up and down the bench; turned reams of music. Never touched the keys.

I was the prize Dumb Dora, and I was mad. I waited out front to tell Bill Donnell a thing or two. I was standing in the shadow of a tree when he came out with Sharon.

"Well, you've got to give her credit," Bill was saying. "She's got plenty of nerve. I was shaking in my boots when I broke the news to her. My gosh, how

(Continued on page 39)

Bill played a little boogie-woogie, drank a coke, and looked at me hard. "Yep," he said finally. "You'll do!"

Illustrated by DON MILSOP

"Are you the new housemaid?" asked Janet, pulling off her gloves



THE STORY SO FAR

Not even for a job in a nursery, working with the flowers she loved, not even for a chance to live in a house that seemed like a palace to a poverty-stricken country girl would Betty Lee Carter give up her dog. Fortunately, the nursery owner, Mrs. Martin, had a dog-loving father, Elias Anderson, who persuaded his daughter to take Betty Lee on, dog and all. At the end of the week, when Mrs. Martin paid her the magnificent salary of \$5, kind-hearted Elias offered to have his tenant farmer, shiftless Luke Coggins, drive her home so that she could give the money to her mother. On the way to Luke's, Betty Lee fled in panic from two apparently flirtatious young men, only to feel ridiculous when she learned that they were her employer's son, Bob, and his friend, George Baney. She permitted Bob to drive her to the shack where her family lived, and found to her horror only an empty house.

Clover Creek

by NANCY PASCHAL

PART TWO

IF ANYONE would know what had become of the Carters, it would be Mrs. Suggs, in the shack at the crossroads. Betty Lee waited upon Mrs. Suggs' doorstep in tense expectancy. The door opened, revealing a slight and bony figure in a wrapper.

"Betty Leel!" exclaimed Mrs. Suggs. "I never knew you had a feller with you." "Where did my folks go?" wailed Betty Lee.

Mrs. Suggs stepped outside and put an arm around the girl. "Your daddy got a job as carpenter's helper, on the Coast.

He piled everything on the wagon, for they had to go at once or he'd lose out. And they didn't know where to find you."

"How long have they been gone?"

"Three days. Your mother said she'd write in care of me and send you their address."

"Will you forward the letter to me?"

"I would, if I could write," Mrs. Suggs replied.

Then Bob said quickly, "I'll bring you back, Betty Lee."

They rode toward home. Betty Lee fell into sorrowful silence. She slid her fingers into her pocket. She would have to keep the money until—

"Bob!" she cried. "I've lost my bills!" Bob stopped the car. She searched her pockets. The money was gone.

"I've lost my five dollars!" "We'll go back and look for it," Bob offered.

Suddenly, Betty Lee knew. "Mrs. Suggs!"

"You don't think she—"

She nodded. "She takes things. I shouldn't have let her put her arm around me. Now, if I make her mad, I'll never get my letter. We might as well go on."

As Bob drove homeward, he tried to console her. "Some time ago I lost the watch my father left to me. I was working in the yard. It dropped out of my pocket, and I never did find it."

As they turned into the Martin driveway, Betty Lee plunged into deeper despair. "I forgot to get the violets for your mother!" she cried.

Bob parked the car. In the kitchen, Mrs. Martin was making some apricot turnovers. She glanced up as Betty Lee entered. "How did you find your mother?"

Betty Lee could not speak. Her folks—gone. Her five dollars—gone. The yellow violets forgotten. Suddenly the tears overflowed and went coursing down her cheeks. Bob came in then, and told his mother all the sad news.

"Don't look so bothered," Mrs. Martin told him. "She'll feel better now."

And she did. She washed her face, put on her fresh dress, and helped prepare the lunch. After they ate, a customer came, and Betty Lee sold twelve dollars worth of plants. She broke no pots, either. George Baney was surprised at her proficiency, but Elias Anderson was not.

"You can thank me she's here to help out," he said.

Betty Lee, with a gleam of pride in her eyes, handed the bills to Mrs. Martin, who stuffed them carelessly into an old china teapot.

"Don't you ever put your money in the bank?" Bob asked his mother disapprovingly.

"Rompy will guard her money," Mr. Anderson assured them.

DESPITE Betty Lee's dismay, George Baney recited the story of her race across the cotton field. He and Elias had not heard about the lost wages. When Bob mentioned this, George reached into his pocket and pulled out a five dollar bill.

Betty Lee declined to accept the money. Mrs. Martin looked pleased with her. "What would you like most to buy with five dollars?" she asked her.

Betty Lee told her—a dress.

Mrs. Martin got up from her rocker on the back porch, and went into the house. She brought back one of Janet's dresses and a pair of sandals, and gave

them to Betty Lee. The dress was blue-checked, with ruffles. The sandals were adorable. Betty Lee thanked her, delighted.

"I wish Janet had come," George remarked.

"She and Pert will be here next week end," Bob revealed.

"Good! I hope we can get off," said George.

Betty Lee experienced a strange let-down in her happiness over the new dress. Pert was the girl Bob had mentioned once before. She thought about Janet and George, about Pert and Bob. And about how different she herself was.

"I'm an outsider," she told herself abruptly.

Some days after Bob and George left, Betty Lee made another discovery. She was not the only one who seemed to be an outsider!

"Until you brought Rompy here, I was lonesome," Elias confessed. "Old folks got no business being around, anyhow."

Betty Lee waited on customers every day in her old dress. She was saving the almost new dress, and her sandals, for special occasions. To her relief, Rompy behaved himself. But one nagging question stayed in the back of her mind. Late in the week she voiced it.

"Mrs. Martin, will you need me after Bob's school is out?"

Mrs. Martin looked troubled. "It's true, I could get along. Still, I'd like to keep you. It depends partly on how the money comes in."

"I'm an outsider," Betty Lee told herself sadly



Betty Lee felt thoroughly disheartened. "I can't think where I'd go."

"Don't try. I'm sure you'll hear from your family before then," Mrs. Martin consoled her.

They plunged into the preparations for Janet's homecoming. The housework diverted Betty Lee's thoughts. When the exciting day arrived, she put on the blue-checked dress and the sandals.

"Hello!" she saluted her reflection in the bathroom mirror. "Who are you?"

MRS. MARTIN dressed in white. Betty Lee told her, in awe, that she was perfectly beautiful. They ate breakfast in the kitchen, though the table in the dining end of the living room had its leaves spread wide for lunch. Betty Lee noticed that Elias wore a dour expression.

"He's on his ear," his daughter sighed, later. "He knows Janet doesn't like him to smoke his pipe in the house. Men of his generation resent her directness. But younger men admire her. I suppose she's on the right track."

"If she is, I'm not," thought Betty Lee.

Mrs. Martin asked her to cut some flowers for Janet's room. She ran out to the garden and selected day lilies. But at the sight of the cut flowers, Mrs. Martin looked stricken.

"Oh, Betty Lee, my newest ones!"

Betty Lee returned her shocked look. "I'm sorry! I didn't know any better."

She blamed herself bitterly as she arranged the flowers in a bowl on Janet's nightstand. So absorbed was she that when a clear voice behind her exclaimed, "Look who's in my room!" she jumped.

Betty Lee stared at the bareheaded

(Continued on page 35)



Gay, South American fiesta gowns inspire a new line of smart, simple cottons. The off-shoulder neckline (left) is convertible



Eyes

UP FROM our good neighbors in South America have come a lot of exciting things. The rumba, the samba, the sparkling vivacity of Carmen Miranda—to name a few. We can think of many, many others—and even more are on the way. In fact, one of these *mañanas* you may wake up and find that even the clothes in your very own closet have gone quite Latin-American!

Not that this will be hard to take. Look at the pictures here, and you'll see how practical and smart these styles are going to be. The lovely embroidered blouses, simple cotton dresses, interesting skirts and jackets will fit into any girl's life as easily as an old pair of espadrilles, or your favorite Mexican cotton dirndl.

These south-of-the-border fashions were designed by Carolyn Schnurer, the same pioneer who took the shirt off the back of the South American cowboy and turned it into the chola coat—that long, fascinating shirt you wore so well over shorts, slacks, and bathing suits last summer. In fact, because that gay, useful style was such a success, once again Mrs. Schnurer turned to Latin America for inspiration—and we predict that many another smart designer will follow her lead.

An ex-schoolteacher who "married into" the designing business, Carolyn Schnurer believes that the best way to find new

style ideas is to by-pass the stuffy museums and dry reference books. Instead, she seeks original sources for her designs—studies costumes worn by flesh-and-blood models as they live and work in their native lands. That's why she bought some tickets and packed her bag for Ecuador, Bolivia, Brazil—and Haiti.

As she journeyed, Mrs. Schnurer left the ordinary track of tourist travel as much as possible and headed for the small villages, often just a cluster of adobe houses and a few dusty, trampled streets far up in the hills. Here she talked with the native Indians, watched their carnivals, visited their markets, studied their handicrafts and saw many of the most original costumes, the ones least influenced by the "store clothes" of our North American mail-order catalogues. Often in these out-of-the-way places she found the natives wearing such charming clothes that she tried to buy them on the spot and take them away with her. The fascinating ponchos, embroidered skirts, trousers, interesting hats and belts—she longed to add them to her costume collection. But this wish hardly ever proved practical or possible, since many South American Indians own only one suit of clothes and have no replacements at home for the clothes they're wearing!

Over and over again, wherever she

went, our designer was impressed with the native Indian's courage in the effective use of strong color, his fine natural sense of style, and with the beauty of his primitive embroideries. And she returned to the United States with a mass of ideas and sketches which have since been converted into as interesting and colorful a group of play clothes as we've ever seen.

FOR one thing, Mrs. Schnurer was intrigued by the fact that "mother and daughter" costumes are no new fad in South America—that children there have almost always worn small editions of grown-up clothes. One of the most charming costumes she brought back with her was a two-piece outfit for a small child—a full, ankle-length skirt, topped by a jacket of pleats stitched at intervals to hold the shape. This was the natural inspiration for a two-piece dress or a suit for a young girl, and the attractive result shown in the top right photograph was the very first product of this South American trip! You can wear the interesting jacket with a plain skirt, or change off the full, pleated skirt with attractive blouses.

As for the dresses, two of our favorites are shown together in the left-hand picture. The striped cotton one with the rounded-shoulder look, which slides over the head like an old-time Mother Hub-

Here's a January preview of some trends in hot weather clothes! They're designed in the Latin American way for señoritas in the good old U.S.A.

by KAY HARDY

South



bard, has so much charm and style, with its soft fullness and set-in bands, that it's bound to lead a new trend for lots of smartly simple, slide-on models.

The other dress—the one on the left—is interesting for the elasticized yarn that's run through the shoulder ruffle. Thus you can have a demure, oval neckline, or presto! two bare shoulders for sun tanning or partying! It's every bit as gay as the fiesta dress that inspired it, and as flattering to teen-agers in North America as to their dark-haired neighbors to the south.

Perhaps best of all these South American designs are the flattering, colorful blouses. Take "Zuleita," on the far right in the picture, with its lovely, rich embroidery. When Carolyn Schnurer saw a native woman of Ecuador wearing one like this—smock fashion, above a super-full skirt—she knew you'd like it copied to top your knee-length shorts and plain skirts. Or it can be worn tucked in, for the new trim, slim-waisted look.

"Loja" (pronounced *Loha*, of course)



This gay cotton suit is an expensive model. Watch for modestly priced adaptations

is the name of the black-embroidered blouse. Its cool, rough-spun rayon almost exactly duplicates the original's hand-woven cotton, but the embroidery of the copy is an improvement. It's flat-sewn, rather than loose and woolly, so as not to catch on things, and it will wash and wash.

The lovely, lace-trimmed blouse in the center is called "Bahiana." Made of crisp rayon, it's dressy (Continued on page 33)



Lovely blouses — for play or dress — are patterned after original native designs



Designer Anna-Belle, now eleven, loves animals. Some day she wants a ranch and horses

Take an idea girl. Give her
some scissors and a piece of
felt—and see what happens!

by JOAN YOUNGER

leave the fins off the fish because they made it a little bulky, but Anna-Belle said no—that wouldn't be right, in the first place, and besides they made something to "twiddle with" on the pocketbook.

She cut out each new design herself—she used barber shears because her father was annoyed about the razor blade—but her mother sewed them, because the machine did a much better job than Anna-Belle. She tried to draw a horse pocketbook, because that's her favorite animal, but the legs just wouldn't work out. She made herself a horse lapel pin anyhow, just for fun. Then, also for fun, she made herself a little green hat to go with her worm pocketbook (her favorite)—and on the side of the hat she sewed a tiny worm just like her pocketbook, with red measles spots on it, just like the big worm.

Of course, the stores wanted that too.

TODAY Anna-Belle's pocketbooks are sold in stores all over the U. S. for around \$1.50 each. They are made in bright colored felt—yellow for the fish, for instance, with blue and black eyes—and all of them have a little tag on them saying "Anna-Belle Originals." Some of them are bought for little girls just four, who walk away talking to the little animals; some are bought by older girls, like Anna-Belle's eight year old sister, Bonnie, who was given the very first one, and some are bought by teen-agers.

There's enough money now for Anna-Belle's horse, but she hasn't found the right one yet and she'll probably wait until spring, now that she knows for sure she's really going to get one. Meanwhile, she's just like any other little dark-haired, bright-eyed girl, but she does get sort of special treatment at the parochial school she goes to. It's (Continued on page 33)

IT'S IN THE BAG

LAST July a ten year old girl borrowed a razor blade from her father, to cut a robin-shaped pocketbook for her sister out of an old felt hat. She sewed it together with a big needle and put an eye on it. Then she made herself a worm-shaped pocketbook out of some green felt her father brought her, and a duck pocketbook for a friend.

From then on there was a loud to-do among all her friends for her to make more. Her mother started to tell her it was interfering with her homework, and then she stopped short in the middle of a sentence.

"Wait until tomorrow," she said. "We'll talk about it tomorrow evening."

The next day her mother took two of the pocketbooks down to a department store. They took a sharp look at them and then said, just as if it were an everyday sort of matter, "We'll take ten dozen."

Today that little girl, Anna-Belle Graham, who is now eleven, has orders for

\$5,000 worth of her animal-shaped pocketbooks and she's just getting started.

Her mother, of course, runs the business. Her name is Anna-Belle Graham too. She had young Anna-Belle's ideas patented, she found a sewing machine to run up the first batch herself, she found a manufacturer who'd make the next batch when the orders started to pour in, and then she hired six salesmen to take the pocketbooks all over the country.

And she told Anna-Belle she could skip her homework for a couple of nights and make some more animal designs.

"If these go over as I think they will," she said, "you may have that horse you're always bothering me about, and the collie dog too, and maybe even that ranch you want out in the country."

"Golly," said Anna-Belle, "that would be wonderful, wouldn't it?"

And she promptly created an elephant, a whale, and a fish pocketbook design. Her mother suggested that she



Costume Carnival

NORA HAMMESFAHR

Want to have a gay party for your friends
yet help the sad old world along, too? We give
you the complete instructions—from invitations to eats

THE Victory Clothing Collection is on! So is the fun! It's the reason for high jinks and hilarity, and the best party you ever gave. How come? Here's how—and invite all your friends!

Call up your guests at least a week in advance—that's to give them plenty of time to prepare—and tell them there's to be a Funny Costume Contest, a real Costume Carnival, at your house. It's in connection with the Victory Clothing Collection. They are to go and collect spare clothes from friends and neighbors—and then wear as many as they can, over their own clothes, to your "very dressy" affair! Warn them that they'd better collect as many garments as possible, because there will be prizes for the best-dressed, the most overdressed—very, very commendable at your party—the funniest, and the most original. (Some boy is bound to turn up in a woman's hat, or a girl in men's shoes, and since this adds to the fun, it should be rewarded.) You should also advise them to lug along the extra stuff—the

things they can't wear, like baby clothes—in a separate bundle, which is important, too, because there will be a prize for the greatest amount of loot! If you think your gang would enjoy it more, you might divide them into teams, so that they can go around collecting clothes together. It can even be heaps of fun to prepare for your party!

It's the night of the party. As your guests arrive, demand one item from each bundle as the price of admission. (You will use these later.) You won't have to worry about your party getting off to a flying start. Not with those costumes, you won't! When the gang stops laughing at what a ludicrous lot they are, ask them to vote, by clapping, on who is the most overdressed, the best-dressed, etc. Now also is the time to count up the clothes in each bundle and reward the winner.

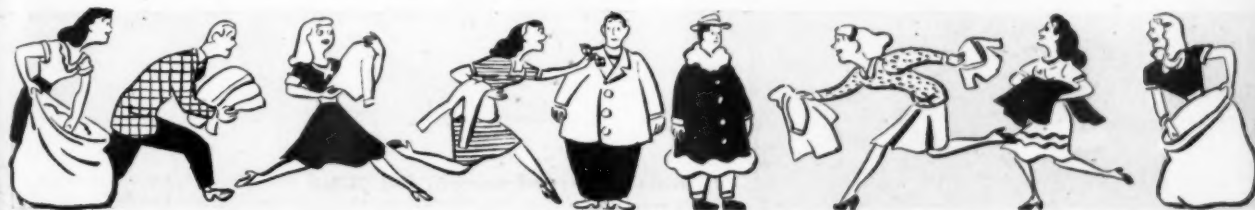
Of course any prizes will do, but the most appropriate prizes, and the most valuable, are patriotic ones—War Stamps.

While they are still busy talking about one another's costumes, go into another

room and put on the items which you collected at the door. When you come back into the room, suggest that the gang sit down and observe you carefully. It's a game. Then go over and pick up a book, next gaze out the window, then shuffle a deck of cards—in fact, do anything you want. After a few minutes leave the room, and as you do, tell them to grab pencils and papers from the table and write down all the things you had on! Give them three minutes. The one who remembers the most will walk off with another War Stamp to add to his or her collection.

ANNOUNCE that your next game will be a relay race. It's really a racing riot, you should add, because it gets funnier and funnier all the time! Let the crowd get their bundles, and then divide the party into teams. Each team selects one member to stand as a "dummy" at the other end of the room. As soon as you say "Go," one member of each team should run up and fasten securely on their dummy a piece of clothing from their bundles. That member runs back and tags off the next in line, (Continued on page 39)

Illustrated by PAT ROONEY





PIONEERS

by **DOROTHY DUCAS**

Looking for new trails to blaze, new worlds
to conquer? Then perhaps you'll want to
map your career in physical therapy

Dr. Jessie Wright helps physical therapy
pupil dissect plastic model of human brain



This three-year-old twin returns to infantile
paralysis clinic for regular checkups

Thanks to physical therapy, Bill Miller
can soon leave Crippled Children's Home

IN WHITE

THE little girl swung into the examination room on her crutches, quietly laid them on a chair, and then looked up at the woman doctor with a shy, expectant smile.

"Well, Alice, how are you? Let me see you walk."

For answer, the child turned toward the little group of spectators—doctors, nurses, physical therapists, and students. "Look!" she said. And then Alice walked—one step, two, three—clear across the room and back, without help, under her own steam!

The woman doctor turned to the four young women in white uniforms who stood closest to her. "Do you remember Alice when she first came here?" she asked. "Left foot, leg, knee, and hip useless? She's had eight-months of physical therapy—and now she walks without so much as a limp!"

The four student physical therapists looked at Alice, and there was a light in

each pair of eyes almost as bright as that in Alice's own. Of course they remembered her—a helpless victim of infantile paralysis. And they remembered the work that had been done for her: hot packs, easy motions of foot and leg supported by the physical therapist's hand, gentle bed exercises, those first, fearful steps in the "walker," foot exercises, leg exercises, back exercises, the fitting of special shoes, and the first adventures with the new, clumsy crutches. Now Alice could walk—without physical aid. Here was a real example of what physical therapy could accomplish!

"It certainly makes you feel inspired," murmured one of the students.

This particular true scene, which took place in an infantile paralysis clinic in Pittsburgh, is not an unusual one today.



Scientific massage must be thoroughly mastered. Ineptness can cause damage

Visit a military hospital where amputees are learning to walk on artificial legs, go to a children's hospital where little cripples are being taught to swim in warm water pools, or visit a factory clinic where workers relearn the use of smashed muscles, and you'll see the same sort of inspiring
(Continued on page 42)



Roberta, though ready for built-up shoes, must faithfully continue her foot exercises



Plenty of cause for joy! Barry has just moved his right leg—paralyzed for a year

"HAVING BLUNDERFUL TIME"

by

ELIZABETH PAYNE

That's just what these dizzy dollies are doing. They're here to give you six quick lessons on how to lose friends and infuriate people.

P. S. It's probably their last appearance in polite society!



Now Suzy is making a night of it.
She must have some sense—but in spite of it,
She stays out so late
She's exhausted her date,
And the soda clerk's sick of the sight of it!



As for Anne, things cosmetic just get her.
She'll look like a clown if you let her;
She's perfectly sure—
When it comes to ALLURE—
If a little is good, more is better!



Because "guests are supposed to be served,"
Polly's got her poor hostess unnerved.
If they fed her instead,
On cold water and bread,
She'd be getting just what she deserved.



When Eloise goes to a flicker
There's many a snort and a snicker.
She giggles and chatters
And—not that it matters—
Her neighbors are tempted to kick her!



If her pals pay Melissa a call,
She just whisks them away down the hall...
From the tilt of her nose,
You would never suppose
That her parents were People at all!



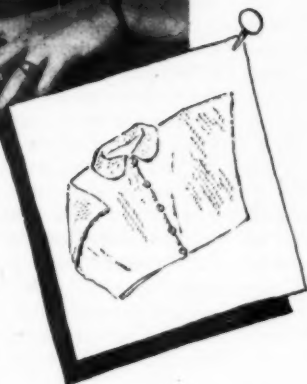
When Elinor starts to be feline,
All the lads in the block make a beeline
Away from her door...
Because he-males abhor
That critical kind of a she-line!

Illustrated by HARRY RUNNETTE

Sweater Short Cuts



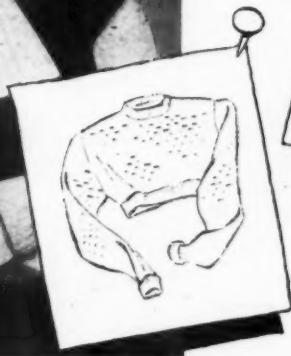
◆
Dress-up dickey with round collar, cap sleeves, is knit in simple openwork stitch



◆
This one is mostly purling. Make several, in becoming colors, for the winter term



◆
Stripes are easily done but match them carefully when seaming up the parts



WHY waste time in these busy days knitting a jumper sweater that goes all the way to the waist, when you can save yarn and time by making one of these brief toppers? *Knit only what shows!* You may knit a long-sleeve, classic slip-on, a striped push-up-sleeve shirtlet, or a dainty party topper with Peter Pan collar and shoulder sleeves. You'll probably want to make them all—they're so easy.

Betsy, in the photograph, used red and white yarn in alternate stripes for the gay shirt to go with her Hollywood dirndl jumper of wool in a soft shade of gray. The red stripes are knitted into stand-up ridges, and the white stripes are flat-purled. It takes only 3 balls of red and 3 balls of white Dawn knitting worsted for a size 12 sweater top.

PALE sunshine yellow yarn makes the slip-on sweater with the high round neck so popular this year. Plain purling with an occasional knit stitch gives the attractively textured surface. This long-sleeve sweater requires 5 skeins of Fleisher sock and sport yarn.

For party daintiness, this open weave stitch goes fast and is easy to do. Betsy chose dainty white Chadwick Red Heart baby wool and only used three of the $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce balls to make this dress-up topper. The green plastic buttons used to fasten the front opening exactly match the green wool of her jumper. Send to us for complete knitting directions for whichever sweater you choose to make or the commercial pattern number for the jumper. Be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

by **BETTY BROOKS**

What do you make of your FACE?

by HAZEL RAWSON CADES

PROBABLY no girl is ever quite satisfied with the way she looks. Sometimes this idea does her no good at all, and sometimes it's just what's needed to make her better looking.

All through your life you'll be making your face—by the way you think and act, as well as by the beautifying care you give yourself.

If you mourn because your eyes are gray instead of blue, or because you think your mouth is too big for beauty, you are certainly wasting your time. But there are many things you can do to make your eyes and mouth look a great deal prettier.

The color of your eyes is really not very important. Not nearly so important, for example, as a clear, sparkling, wide-eyed look. However, if your eyes seem to you to be rather indefinitely blue or green or gray, you can make them look more colorful by the right choice of clothes. Hold different colored pieces of material near your face, and you'll see what I mean.

If your eyes seem to you to be too small, try bringing your hair up and away from the forehead at the sides to give an illusion of width. Avoid bangs or any other hair arrangement that clutters the forehead. Eyes look much more important if lashes and eyebrows are nicely groomed. The hairs in the brows should be brushed flat and kept free from particles of face powder. Upper lashes may sometimes be trained gently with the finger tips to turn back and make more

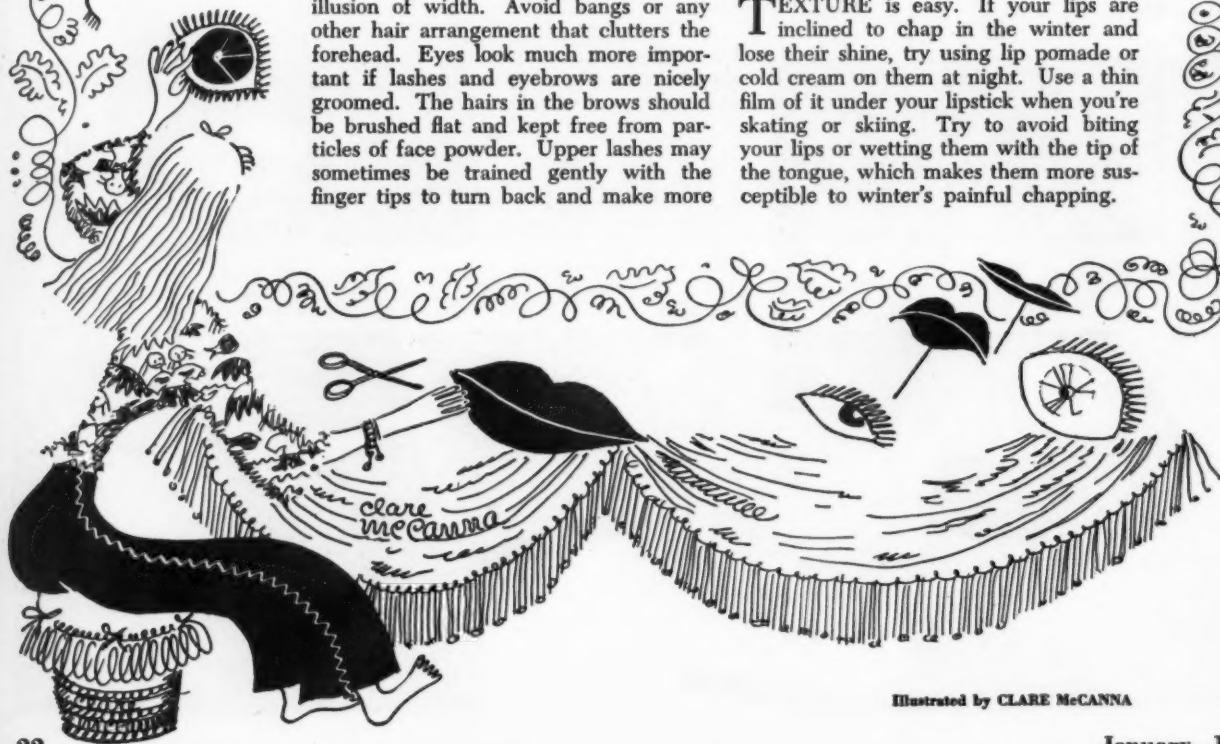
of a frame for highlighting the eyes.

Little facial habits such as squinting or frowning do no good to your eyes. Plenty of sleep, on the other hand, is a great beautifier. Eyes look clearer and brighter if you are careful not to strain them by reading in a bad light, and don't duck out of wearing glasses when you need them. As a matter of fact, eyeglasses are so handsome nowadays that you may well consider them a good looks asset.

There are three things that combine to make a pretty mouth—the shape, the color, and the texture. You can do something about all three. The prettiest mouth turns up at the corners. So no matter how cross you get, don't let your mouth show it. You can walk down the street any day and see people whose lips look as if they had grown thin with disapproval. Or mouths that droop at the corners, as if their owners were just too discouraged with the world. Or mouths which have pouted so much that the lower lip seems to have become permanently pushed out. These mouths are not for you!

TEXTURE is easy. If your lips are inclined to chap in the winter and lose their shine, try using lip pomade or cold cream on them at night. Use a thin film of it under your lipstick when you're skating or skiing. Try to avoid biting your lips or wetting them with the tip of the tongue, which makes them more susceptible to winter's painful chapping.

Illustrated by CLARE McCANNA



Color you get in two ways. First by being really healthy—spending plenty of time in the fresh air, having fun exercising, eating the right amount of the right kind of food. You know all about that. And then there's lipstick—that little bit of extra color added to make lips look rosier than they are. Young mouths have a good deal of color anyway, so not much more is needed to accentuate the natural. The prettiest shades for you are the clear, rosy reds, which are sympathetic to the natural color in your lips and in your skin tones.

If you're a brunette, or if your skin has a sort of golden sun-tan tinge, your most becoming lipstick will probably be a real red, or a red with a tiny bit of yellow in it. If you're a blond with that Dresden china look, you may find that a lighter, rosier lipstick is more flattering. Anyway, steer clear of the very orange, the very blue, or the very dark shades. They are apt to set up color clashes with your clothes, and they are not so pretty-making.

Lipstick has some relation to the texture of the lips, as well as to the color. Used in just the right amount, it gives a smooth, soft look to the mouth. Be careful always to blot off excess lipstick. If the color is streaked, or if there is too thick a coating, the lips look messy. Never leave lipstick on your mouth overnight; cream it off carefully before you wash your face.

MAKE-UP experts sometimes use lipstick to change the shapes of mouths. On the screen or behind the footlights this works beautifully. For everyday wear it's too tricky. The safest plan is to keep to the natural shape of the lips, making sure that the outside edges are always clean and neat.

Here is my favorite recipe for putting on lipstick. Begin in the middle of the upper lip and work out to the corners. In this way you are able to get a neater outline than if you swoop the lipstick from one corner of the mouth to the other. After you've done your upper lip, press your mouth together to transfer lipstick to the lower lip. Be sure the mouth is fully covered, so that no dividing color line shows when you talk or smile. Now, with a piece of tissue, blot the mouth carefully to remove any excess. This is important not only to the look of the mouth, but also to its social standing. Well-blotted lipstick is less apt to leave ugly red stains on teacups and handkerchiefs.

We know that faces are both born and made, and that with the right management, any face may become lovelier. It's up to you. But don't forget, it's an inside as well as an outside job, so watch your disposition and your health!

THE END

It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton

Unhanding the Phone: Ever wonder when someone finally would produce something to unhand your telephone conversations—something that really would work? Well, it's here now: a simple, flexible instrument that attaches to your ordinary phone and holds it in convenient position while you talk, leaving your hands entirely free to work, make notes, etc.



For Your Furs: Here's something to make you cheer if you're the owner of a fur coat, or a cloth coat trimmed with fur. This new cleaning powder enables you to do a quick, easy job of fur-cleaning right at home. It gives your furs a definite sheen, too.

Picnic Carrier: If you're a picnic lover, here's something to start planning for. It's an ingenious picnic carrying-case, 32 inches long, 24 inches wide, and 16 inches high, made of finished plywood. When folded it looks like regular airplane luggage. But open it, and the ends of the case unfold to form legs, while the sides form a top, giving you an ideal picnic table. It'll package most of your picnic needs too: thermos, food, table covers, etc.



Drawing Wiz: Here's an all-purpose drawing and measuring device good for schoolwork and fun or hobbies at home. It consists of a combination square and miter arm so it can be used as a drawing square, dividers, protractor, triangle, ruler, compass, French curve, and miter.

Drying Bulb: Latest in infrared lamps is a bulb of temperature-resistant glass that you can screw into any standard light socket. It won't shatter even when accidentally splashed with cold water, which makes it ideal as a bathroom heater, to take the chill off when you're in, or just coming out of, the tub. It has a multitude of other uses as well. It will dry your hair, your stockings, your nail polish—quickly. And, under doctor's orders it can even be used as a health lamp.



Golf Gem: This, if you're a golf enthusiast, is something for Dad and you to go into as partners. It's a putting trap designed for indoor practice. Not only does it work like a cup on the green, but it's ingeniously contrived so that only perfect shots register.

For Your Heroes: One purpose of this column is to bring you, from time to time, tips to help you on that always big problem: gifts for Dad and boy friend. This month two are worth noting. First is something that every pipe smoker will love—a pocket lighter designed expressly for pipes. Ingeniously designed, it acts just like any other lighter when held erect, but when tilted it shoots a stream of flame right into the pipe bowl. Second is a bullet key chain. This is just a gadget gift which costs only 25 cents, but it carries a 30-caliber bullet which the manufacturer guarantees was used during the war, so it's a neat souvenir as well as a useful convenience.



Stamp Scale: This is for the constant letter writers, particularly those given to writing long epistles. It's a new kind of postal scale that tells in a jiffy how many stamps you need, and probably will save you money.

Bobby-Sox Bracelet: It's made of multicolored plastic links from which hang eight transparent plastic frames, each with a photograph of a top musician.



If you want to know more about any of the products described in this column—send your questions to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

FOR



ONCE upon a time girls wore pantalets; once upon a later time they wore middy blouses, and pleated serge skirts to their boot tops. And only yesterday anyone who was going through those years from ten to fifteen wore simple little numbers that were an absolute facsimile (only larger) of the ones they wore when they were three or four.

Fortunately, things do change. One designer, asked about what's on the future list for teen-size girls, said: "Nowadays a size is a size, not an age. We style clothes pretty much alike for all girls, and they buy the ones that fit."

That doesn't make it easy for the fashion editor to lay down rules and to say, "If you're twelve years old, you wear thus and so. On your next birthday you progress to this and that. And when you're fourteen you put on a thingummy and wear it until you're seventeen." Hard-and-fast rules have disappeared, and fashions for girls are as pliable as their own dispositions, as variable as spring weather.

Certainly there's fashion news in teen-size dresses—and you'll learn, through the simple expedient of trying on, just what is good news for you. The styles that are coming up for spring will include a lot of woolsens. You'll find suits, well-cut and styled, in a variety of colors. The ones with boleros and slightly circular skirts are most becoming to all ages, sizes, and

Stream-lined stripes with an echoing line of eyelet round the sleeves and down the front. About six dollars. Sandra Lee

by JOAN TARBERT

R THE YOUNGER SET—

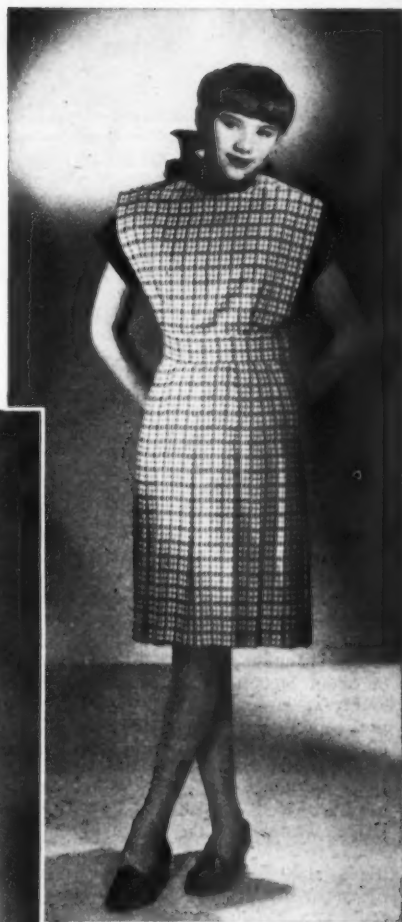
This is what you've been clamoring for, little sister—your own special fashion article! And exactly the way you wanted it, too—full of the newest news and wisest wisdom

shapes. Besides, they're extremely useful, for you can use the skirt as an extra to wear with blouses and belts or sweaters, and the jacket to slip over a matching or contrasting dress. For instance, a navy bolero will pick up a gray, grayish-blue, or beige tailored dress. A red one will go over just about anything except Kelly green. (Color contrast is very good, fashionably speaking, but after all you don't want to stop traffic!)

SUITS with box or cardigan jackets will serve the same purpose as those with boleros, and both are becoming to young figures—slim and straight, or slightly on the square side. But the fitted jacket has a one-track mind—it's part of a suit, not a disguise for the same old dress. However, if you buy a red suit with a classic top, you can wear it with a blue skirt for a change about—or a plaid jacket with a plain skirt, or a plain jacket with a plaid skirt into dizzy combinations. But don't try to use a fitted jacket as a topper for just any old thing. And don't buy a fitted jacket unless you've stood off and looked at it as if you were a stranger. It must fit *perfectly* to look right.

Dresses for teen sizes are stressing full skirts—either dirndl or circular—modified basque tops, and a variety of necklines. The princess line isn't so popular any more, mainly because it's too revealing for anything but a figure with a hand-span waistline. The set-in midriff has its points, though. It varies from four or more inches wide to the narrower type of less than two inches. Above and below, the dress is apt to be full. Tall girls and those with very

slim middles will like the wide-laced variety that makes them look like fairy-tale princesses. Teen-or-under agers with undetermined figures (not slim and not very tall) will go for
(Continued on page 38)



Double check this one—a two piece dress with a whittling waistline. About eight dollars. Touraine

Photographs by Larry Gordon

A good suit is a good standby. Note the darts that take inches off your waist. Near fifteen dollars. Touraine



Girl Scouts of Ozone Park, New York, participate in the Eighth Victory Loan drive

One of the gayest Christmas projects we've heard of was carried out by Girl Scouts of Allendale, New Jersey. Putting their green thumbs together, they made up 100 corsages for the soldiers at a local Army camp to give to their girls at a Christmas dance.

Want to know something about Girl Scouting in Alaska? A recent visitor to the Girl Scout troops there, reports that this Territory of the United States, with a population of about 80,000, is anxious for statehood, and very keen on Girl Scouting. Juneau, the capital, has about 150 Girl Scouts, 80 of whom went to camp this summer. Camping, we hasten to add, that is done right on the camp site with no wandering off on trails, because of the big brown bears! Fairbanks, the farthest north of Alaska's cities having Girl Scout troops boasts a \$10,000 Little House which the American Legion built for Brownie Scouts. Anchorage, which has more airplane arrivals and departures a day than La Guardia Field, is especially interested in Scouting. Girl Scout meetings here must often be changed or postponed, however, because of the hazards in the long nights. Hazard number one last winter was the wolves which appeared in the streets!

Is your troop on the lookout for some way to make life brighter for wounded servicemen? Then perhaps you'd like to help them get started on a hobby that has kept men both great and small fascinated throughout

ALL OVER THE MAP



their lifetimes. The idea is to collect philatelic material, which includes tongs, hinges, perforation gauges, catalogues, albums, glassine envelopes, three-ring binders, stock books, and stamps of all kinds—in other words, provide them with all the paraphernalia needed to start collecting stamps. The program is known as "Stamps for the Wounded," and it is under the supervision of the American Red Cross recreational program. Mr. Ernest A. Kehr, Stamp Editor of the New York Herald Tribune, 230 West 41st St., New York 18, N.Y. is National Chairman of "Stamps for the Wounded."

Girl Scouts of Pontiac, Michigan, report that they collected the necessary materials for wounded servicemen at the Percy Jones Convalescent Hospital at Battle Creek, and their collection was so successful that they received letters of appreciation from the Acting Field Director of the American Red Cross in that area.

Attention Wing Scouts! The name chosen for the Piper training plane donated by the Piper Aircraft Company for the use of Wing Scouts is, strangely enough, "Wing Scout," and we don't think a better one could have been chosen. Troop 18 of Wakefield, Massachusetts, submitted the winning name, and one member of that troop will be chosen to christen the plane some time this month. It hasn't yet been announced which region of the country will have the trainer for the first year, but you'll know soon. Watch *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—we'll bring you the story of the christening, probably in the February issue.

One Brownie troop in Garfield, Minnesota, has been busier than a colony of beavers preparing for a mothers' party it gave recently. Displays of their handicrafts loaded down the tables and decorated the walls of the room where the party was held. Star exhibits were purses made by each member of the troop in which they put their pennies for the Juliette Low Fund. Purses of all sizes, shapes, and colors were on parade—some knitted, some woven with fancy yarn, and



Paul Parker

Just one of the many Girl Scouts who are working to collect clothing for overseas

others appliquéd by the industrious Brownies. First, second, and third prizes were awarded for the purses, the first prize winner being a purse made on a loom. All purses will be entered in a city-wide competition in which all the Minneapolis troops will participate. Likewise on display were clever decorations made of birch bark, berries, burdocks, acorns, and catalpa tree pods. Painted and gilded, they made gay and colorful Christmas tree ornaments. Dolls—both the stuffed and spool varieties—for the children at the orphanage were shown, and Christmas cards made by the Brownies which were later sent to the Red Cross for the men at the Fort

Headline News in Girl Scouting

Snelling reception center hospital. The party wound up with a rousing session of folk dancing. Sounds like a grand party, Brownies!

It's not easy to forget the Victory Clothing Collection for Overseas Relief which is taking place from the 7th to the 31st of January. Reminders of the terrible need for such a collection come at us from every side. Perhaps some of you are working for it already, or if not actively working, at least you're going through your closets and drawers with a fine tooth comb. Incidentally, if you feel that you'd like to do more toward collecting clothes than you're doing, turn to page 17 of this issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a good idea on how you can help, help your friends to help, and give everybody a pack of fun—all at the same time! The article is "Costume Carnival" by Nora Hammesfahr.

A letter from a yeoman of the Mariner ship "San Carlos," in San Francisco, brought us news of some Mariner activities which seem to have originality. One of their projects was to raise the sum of \$50 to help pay for the training of a "seeing eye" dog for a blinded soldier—what better way could there be to help a handicapped serviceman? Another idea they worked out was to make singing invitations to a Halloween party they gave for Mariner and Sea Scouts. The invitations were written so that they could be sung to the tune of a chanty, and then four of the Mariners made phonograph recordings of them, and sent them to one Mariner ship and two Sea Scout ships. Our yeoman writes that the invitations had a great deal to do with what was a very successful party.

Girl Scouts of Ozone Park, New York, learned something about railroading when they turned up in Columbus Circle, New

York City, recently, to help sell Victory Bonds. Part of the circle was turned into a miniature railroad station, around which chugged a miniature train, each car having a seating capacity of one. The Saratoga Trunk Victory Railroad was a joint promotion for the new picture, "Saratoga Trunk," and the sale of Victory Bonds. Bond buyers were given a free ride, and were privileged to play engineer—wearing engineers' caps and gloves and wielding a long-snouted oiling can as the little train puffed around and around. P.S. The Girl Scouts got their share of rides.

If you've been watching *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, you know how your Juliette Low pennies are being spent in the countries overseas, Czechoslovakia among them. Word of what's happening at the other end of this arc of friendship has just been brought to this country by Mrs. Jan Papanek, wife of the Czechoslovakian minister to the United States. She reports that the Girl Scouts of that country are so grateful for the help they have received, that they want to send something to the Girl Scouts of America to show their appreciation. The plan was to send two dolls, one of them dressed as a Girl Scout, and the other in Czechoslovakian costume. But in all of Prague, only one doll could be found. If another little girl who will part with her treasured doll can be located, both dolls will soon be on their way to America.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

A group of recuperating servicemen learn the ins and outs of stamp collecting as a hobby from expert volunteers

Ray Kershner



The American Girl

Brownies of Garfield, Minnesota, proudly display the purses they made for Juliette Low pennies. Prize-winner is at left

St. Cloud, Minnesota, Sentinel





Is there an idea for your troop in this doll collection depicting historical nursing costumes which grew out of a Senior Girl Scout nursing project?



DOLL UP

1. During the Dark Ages only nuns kept art of nursing alive. Here are Sisters of Charity and Mercy, and Dominican Sister

2. Center doll wears puffed sleeve dress and voluminous apron of first student nurse. Contrasting are present-day uniforms

3. Florence Nightingale's costume was copied from a portrait. The research taught girls much about history of nursing

4. Jeanne Mance came to Montreal in 1644 to establish a nursing school for Indian girls. At first she met fierce opposition

5. Friedericke Flidner, represented here, lived in time of Martin Luther. She felt good nurses must be good housekeepers



Collection shows whole history of nursing, from ancient Hygeia to modern Nurse's Aide

YOUR PROGRAM

DO YOU HAVE a doll collection? You may have a collection ranging from eighteenth century fashion dolls—which, dressed in the latest Paris fashions, were sent to this country for the guidance of colonial ladies in planning their costumes—down to the latest offerings of modern doll designers. Some of you may go in for storybook dolls—there are some seventy-two of these fiction characters. Or you may have a collection representing foreign countries.

The Senior Scouts of the York-Adams County area, Pennsylvania, had a grand time, and learned a lot, dressing dolls to represent famous nurses of history—from Hygeia, ancient Greek goddess of health, to present-day graduate nurses.

The father of one of the Scouts made the wooden dolls which served as the foundation for all the characters. Then each girl made a special study of one famous nurse, chose the proper shade of crepe hair, and designed an authentic costume for the doll which was to represent her.

by
BETTY PECKHAM

This fascinating project was part of a junior nursing course given to the Senior Scouts in the Nursing Arts Laboratory of York Hospital. The girls met at the hospital one evening each week, for instruction by regular teachers from the nursing school. They were able to witness demonstrations by the senior nursing students, and were particularly pleased with the opportunity to use regulation hospital equipment in ministering to the needs of a dummy patient in a hospital cot.

The idea of using the dolls to dramatize the nursing profession grew out of discussions of the history of nursing. The girls got their information from encyclopedias, magazine articles, textbooks on the history of nursing, and a number of other books, a partial list of which is given at the end of this article. The

hospital's student nurses fell in love with the collection, and have pictured it in their yearbooks, used it in their capping exercises and in teaching the history of nursing. Here are some of the nurses represented in the doll collection.

Hygeia, ancient Greek goddess of health, was the granddaughter of Apollo, the sun god—which is another way of saying that sunshine is related to health. The temples of Hygeia were the hospitals of the ancient Greeks. One was located a short distance outside Athens, in a beautiful grove of trees. Here the patient was received. He arranged, first thing, for a sacrifice to incline Hygeia in his favor, then bathed and dressed in white robes, and was assigned to a bed. Next began treatment by means of warm baths, cleansing of wounds, rest, fresh air, sunshine, good food, mineral water, massage with ointments, and attention to internal cleanliness. This was continued as long as needed.

When the patient was cured he gave the temple a (Continued on page 47)

Radio

by **CLAIRE ANDERLEY**



HERE'S a good question to pop at the supper table tonight: "Who are the key men in the radio business?"

Probably Dad will act scientific and answer, "Why the engineers, naturally." And Mother, who figures things out in her own way, will say, "What about the announcers who open all the programs?" The pint-size brother will insist that only the funny men matter, and of course your sisters will swoonily name their favorite radio actors.

All good enough answers, perhaps, but not the one we're looking for. No, it's the script writers who are the power behind the radio throne. Hard to realize, isn't it, when you hardly ever hear the voices or even the names of these men and women? But remember that every program *must* have a writer—even *ad lib* shows have their announcements which are written by someone.

If you feel that every minute is a wasted one until you can get a job writing radio scripts, take heart. For there's a lot to do in the meantime that will help your future career, and radio writers—good ones—are always in demand. You may be turned down as a writer, or told to return in three years, but never—well, hardly ever—will you be ignored. A really talented and serious beginner will get worth-while criticism of his work as well as good advice for the future.

SPEAKING of advice, here's some from Charlie Speer, author of the Ripley "Believe It Or Not" scripts, the Morton Gould-Alec Templeton show, and hundreds of others. "Want to write?" he asks. "Then write. Write for anything, but write. Listen to the radio. Choose two or three of your favorite programs and write a script for each. The main points to keep in mind as you write for radio are the structure of the program, the characters, and the acting. You must 'hear' your scripts as you write them."

Charlie Speer's advice is worth salting away, for he's one of the most successful writers in the business, and besides, has coached over a hundred talented would-be writers. He gleaned these pupils right out of the ranks. One of them—Bob Smith—now writes the "Hit Parade," one of radio's most popular shows.

Before he turned writer, Charlie Speer was—of all things—swimming champion of the world. All around the globe he was honored by kings and queens and presidents,

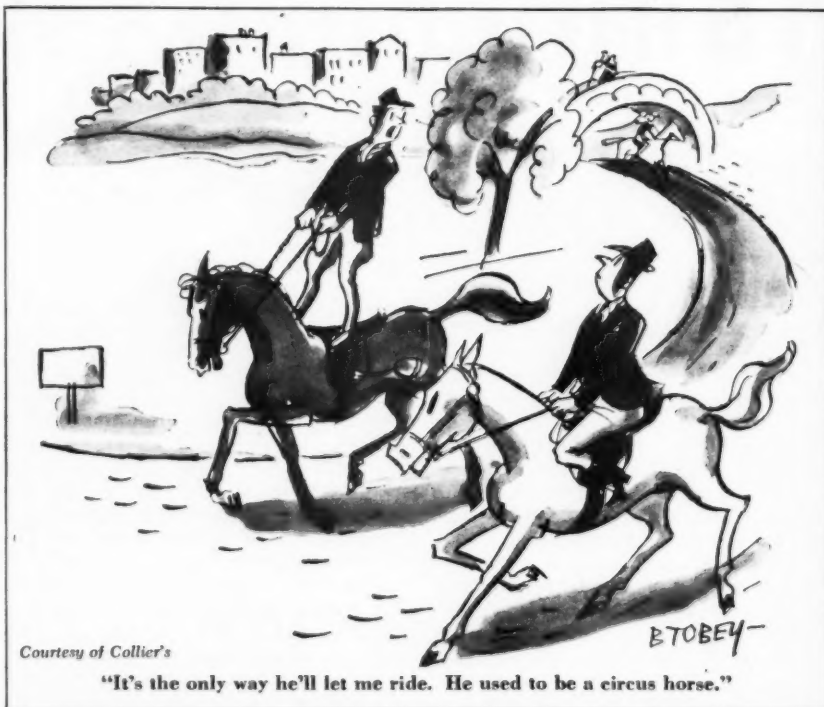
and had such an exciting life that he felt he should set his adventures down in writing. Then one day, about twenty years ago, he listened to the radio and became fascinated with the idea of telling his thoughts to hundreds of people *all at once*.

For the first six months, Charlie's best customer was the wastebasket, but he was learning by his mistakes. Finally he went to CBS, armed with a few scripts plus an idea for a program. The scripts were thrown out, the idea was thrown out—but he was hired. When he met the one and only Ripley, life took on new complications. Together they've done some of the most fabulous program stunts in radio—including feeding a shark during the first underwater broadcast. Most writers, though, live perfectly safe-and-sound lives. Free lancers can work quietly at home, if they choose, and staff writers usually carry on in the office of

a local radio station, a big network, or an advertising agency where SILENCE is the password. Almost without exception these staff writers have had experience in other writing fields and can churn out script after script to suit their bosses. It's hard work producing quick news flashes, half-hour dramas, or good variety shows—all at the drop of a hat—and it's a safe bet that all these men and women are fundamentally good writers who've learned the craft of writing for radio. In a way, you can compare them to good stage actors who can interpret any part successfully. The average salary for staff writers is about \$75 a week. Free lancers, working on big, commercially-sponsored shows, make anywhere from \$200 to \$500 for one half-hour script—that's about thirty pages.

The greatest radio writer of them all is Norman Corwin, sometimes called "Radio's Shakespeare." You don't have to listen very hard to his programs to see how strikingly original and individual they are, how strongly and surely he uses plot, character, dialogue, and music to capture the imagination of his listeners.

BECAUSE Norman Corwin is radio's number one writer, he's in a position to make his own rules. You've noticed that his weekly program "Norman Corwin Presents" has no sponsor? That's simply because he's definitely not interested in the commercial touch. And that his show isn't on the air about half the year? The reason is that he



(Address any questions you'd like to have answered on how radio functions behind the scenes to Radio Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No questions can be answered unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.)

only wants to write for radio six months at a time. This winter, for instance, you could track him down in Hollywood, working on a film called "Mary and the Fairy."

Corwin is no graybeard, but young, tall, dark, and handsome. He likes chess, music, and drawing, and works at home, dressed in a pair of slacks and an old sweater. He claims his best creative hours fall between nine at night and three in the morning. First he vegetates a little, then he cerebrates, and then he's off.

Probably the most exciting thing about Corwin is the way he sticks to his beliefs and ideals. His special message to you is loaded with this same sort of singleness of purpose. It's never to be afraid of doing something that you're sure is right, whatever the opposition. And he wants to remind you that the influences in your life right now are terribly, terribly important in molding your finished personality. So—be sure to expose yourself to plenty of good books, art, and music, along with basketball and hair-does.

But shall we join the ladies? There are many of them in the script-writing game, having colorful and successful careers. Take Elaine Carrington for instance—she's a writer of famous daytime serials. And probably you've heard of Gertrude Berg. For fifteen years she wrote and directed "The Goldbergs" and played the part of Molly in her own show as well. Isabelle Jewel Newton writes "Land of the Lost" for children; Nila Mack turns out "Let's Pretend." Adele Seymour does research and is now writing the script for "Light of the World," an interesting program of dramatized Bible stories.

IF you plan to follow in the fascinating footsteps of these radio writers, here are a few crumbs of advice we'd like to throw out to you for free. First, learn all you can about the mechanics of writing. That means paying strict attention in English class, of course, and doing all the extra work you have time for. Next you should read the newspapers and absorb their technique, for radio's methods are very much the same. You must watch people, learn to understand them, listen to them talk. Train yourself to think quickly and then—just as quickly—to convey these thoughts to paper. Listen intelligently and critically to the radio, thinking about the actors' voices and about the effects produced by music. Don't forget Charlie Speer's suggestion—to sit down and write your own scripts for programs with which you're familiar. Fast typing is a must in this radio-writing business, and get in the habit of turning in neat manuscripts—even when they're for your eyes alone.

When the time comes for you to seek your fortune, look to your local radio station for a job. If you can get on the payroll, even in the humblest capacity, you'll be in a strong position to learn the radio business firsthand. Keep your eyes open, ask questions, and oh, so tactfully, let your boss know you don't plan to spend your life just filing scripts.

Did we tell you where Norman Corwin started his radio career? After seven lean years as a newspaper reporter in New York, he went to work for a small radio station in Springfield, Illinois. And what did he do there? Everything—from sweeping the studio floor—on up!

THE END

The American Girl 31

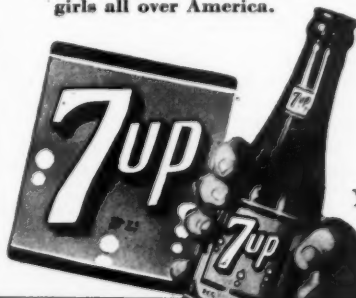


"ALL YOU HAD TO LEARN WAS STUFF UP THROUGH THE CIVIL WAR. LOOK AT THE BATCH OF DATES I GOT TO MEMORIZE!"

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KEEP SMILING "fresh up" WITH **Seven-Up!**

When history dates put you in a fog, there's nothing like a "fresh up" with 7-Up to put you back on the beam. For the fresh, clean taste of 7-Up is on the beam itself . . . just the thing to make you "fresh up" and feel like smiling. That's why 7-Up is fast becoming the favorite with boys and girls all over America.



You like it . . . it likes you





Another Bridesmaid

MALONE, NEW YORK: I want to write and tell you how much I enjoyed your story about Lucy Ellen's marriage, because my sister was married on the 23rd of October. Reading about Lucy Ellen's sister, and how she felt about walking down the aisle alone, made me feel just like I did when I had to. I was the junior bridesmaid and had to go down first. My sister was also just like an angel, and I miss her very much now, even the little time she's been gone. We used to get mad about little things, but I guess you don't realize how much you care about a person until they're gone.

I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. I am fourteen years old, and this is the first year I've taken it, although my sister used to when she was my age. I read the letter written by Tracy Rickers and I everything but agree with her. First, I think the covers are much cuter—like the November one of four kittens playing. The articles about grooming and styles for teen-agers are much better.

PRISCILLA J. VAN HORN

Glory in the Dark

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA: I am fifteen years old and have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for five years. I have enjoyed it very much, especially the new version. Please don't ever change it.

I would like more articles on handicrafts, on beauty tips and also on personality. I liked *Glory In the Dark*. You could run some more like it, couldn't you? I also enjoyed *Can You Name It?*

Thanks ever so much for a new and better magazine.

BARBARA STONE

Thanks!

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: Thanks a lot. That is the unanimous cry of the girls of our troop. Yes, thank you for growing up, for becoming a magazine for Senior and older Intermediate Girl Scouts. Thanks for having such bright, cheerful pictures and exciting titles. Thanks for your fashions and wonderful ideas. We'd like very much to have some articles which include ideas for Seniors. Keep your covers as bright and attractive as September's, October's, and November's.

Thanks again!

SANDRA GLICKMAN

Puzzle Fan

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: I have been reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for quite a long time now, and enjoy every issue. The stories are all swell, and so are the fashions, but there is one suggestion I would like to make. I think that some crossword and other puzzles would add a few more hours of fun to the ones I already have while reading your magazine.

I am twelve years old, and I'd like to join all the thousands of girls in thanking you for a swell magazine.

KARYL PALMER

Half and Half

KILLEN, ALABAMA: I was very pleased with the September issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I am almost fifteen years old. As I read over the November *A Penny For Your Thoughts*, I discovered the younger Scouts liked *THE AMERICAN GIRL* the way it was at first. The older ones, including myself, enjoy the newer way. May I make the suggestion that you make part of the magazine like it was, for the younger ones, and part for the older ones.

I like the pages about the different movie actors and actresses like Lenore Lonergan. I think it is very interesting. How about something on Dick Haymes or Dane Clark, Jeanne Crain and maybe Dana Andrews? I think the younger Scouts would like it also.

I am a First Class Scout and I have my curved bar. We have both a Boy Scout and a Girl Scout troop. We give each other parties and really have fun.

I have never before written to you and I hope Mr. W. B. (Waste Basket) doesn't get my letter.

A SCOUT FRIEND

Complaint Answered

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO: I am writing about the complaints in the November issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. All that silly nonsense about the fashions and illustrations is droopy. The teen-agers like to read the magazine, too. I think the articles on Girl Scouts are lovely. But there are enough of them. It would be fine to put in some young girls' clothes once in awhile. But in the meantime, keep up the teen-age articles. Keep up this beautiful magazine for the American girls.

ELODIE CRON

Too Much Beauty

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I just finished reading *A Penny For Your Thoughts* in the November issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I thought I'd sit down and write a note. I love the change in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, including the covers, except for one thing. I wish there were more stories and less beauty tips. I didn't at all agree with the girl who didn't like the new magazine, because I think it's grand.

I have been a Scout for one year, and have enjoyed it thoroughly. I am a Second Class Scout and have one badge. I am twelve years old. Please have more stories and less beauty tips next issue.

TOBY NEVIS

P.S. I like the adventure stories.

Styles and Things

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA: Would you please tell me what has happened to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine? My sister subscribed two years ago, and I have enjoyed reading the magazine until these new styles and things started. I thought it was a Scout magazine, and I have not liked the change at all.

I hope we get the old *AMERICAN GIRL* magazine back soon.

I enjoyed the story about Lucy Ellen, and please have more about her.

Here's (I hope) to a good magazine.

FLORIANA MANNO

Hearts and Brands

SWEETWATER, TEXAS: I simply adore your magazine except for two things. One is that I would surely like for you to put more styles for us chubby girls in it, and the other is, why don't you publish more letters on the *Penny For Your Thoughts* page from some of the Southern girls, instead of all the Northerners?

I have been in the Girl Scouts for three years and I have enjoyed every moment of it.

I live on a ranch in west Texas. We raise cattle, buffalo, and goats. We also raise a few white horses. Our ranch is called the Double Heart Ranch. My mother thought of it when my father and she first married, and she thought their two hearts put together would make a very good cattle brand.

AUDREA LYNNE COX

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Eyes South

(Continued from page 15)

enough to wear with a short black velveteen skirt for Sunday night suppers, or even to go out dancing with a swooshy evening skirt. Furthermore, it's a natural on a picnic, too—anybody can see how that neckline allows for a good, even sun tan!

Before you rush out to try and buy a big batch of these wonderful Latin-American play clothes, let us remind you again that this is just a preview we're giving you—an exclusive scoop on a new and important fashion collection. And we ought to warn you that clothes with a genuine Carolyn Schnurer label will be quite costly, and appear mostly in sizes for misses and madams.

But here's the point. Manufacturers of teen-age clothes have designs on these designs, and right now, as we go to press, they're busy adapting the South American trend in clothes for you. Yes, pretty soon now you'll see them in the stores in your town in junior-miss shapes and sizes, and priced for your pocketbook. They won't be exactly like the ones pictured here, naturally, but you can't miss the Latin spirit and inspiration.

So keep your fashion eye peeled for these smart, gay, practical clothes. They're on their way—and don't say we didn't give you fair warning!

THE END

It's in the Bag

(Continued from page 16)

an understood fact between the sister-teachers and her mother that Anna-Belle would never have been a brilliant student anyhow, her heart wasn't in it; and now they've also agreed that if animal designs get mixed up with her arithmetic problems, they'll understand.

She lives at home in Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania—a suburb of Pittsburgh—with her mother and her sister and her brother and her father, and in the hospital there's a new baby too little yet to leave its incubator. Her allowance is just what it always was—25 cents a week—and the money she gets from her pocketbooks (80 cents for every dozen sold) goes into a special bank account.

And she still earns her allowance by doing things around the house. She's trying to raise the allowance to 35 cents, and then ease it up to what she considers the top: \$1. But her mother—who calls her "Tootie" most of the time—says it will be a long, long time before Anna-Belle's allowance gets that high.

But there's no question about the bank account—it's going to skyrocket. A more grown-up pocketbook firm wants Anna-Belle to start practicing in new materials like plastics, and see what she can do that's special for teen-agers. Anna-Belle has an idea of her own for gloves. And when her mother carried a fancy camel-shaped pocketbook Anna-Belle made for her to New York recently, a woman asked her where on earth she had bought such a wonderful bag.

"My little girl made it for me," Mrs. Graham said. She couldn't help adding that

(Continued on page 35)

TRUE OR FALSE?



IT'S DANGEROUS TO TUB OR SHOWER ON "CERTAIN DAYS" OF THE MONTH

That's false. Old hat. Doctors today say *do* bathe, for cleanliness' sake and comfort. Just be sure the water's lukewarm.

And that's only one old taboo you can put in its place, if you'll read "Growing Up and Liking It."

This bright, new booklet on the how and why of menstruation is yours, absolutely **FREE**. You'll welcome a copy.

You'll pick up all sorts of comfort and health tips. Good-looks tips. The sort of information a girl *needs*, to stay care-free and peppy on those days. Heaps of attractive illustrations.

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soft—and safer. But it sure does help you stay dainty as a primrose. Try Modess and see!

MODESS COMES TWO WAYS

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State _____

Age _____

Illustrated by
HELEN COTTON

GOOD BUYS UNDER \$5

Did Santa leave a crisp five-dollar bill in your Christmas stocking, or did Aunt Fan mail you a check—with instructions to spend it on yourself?

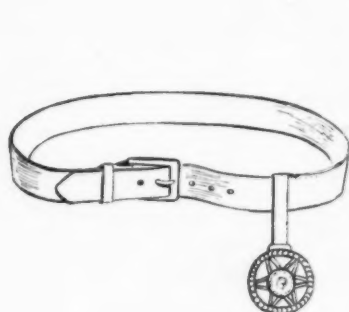


Short, short gloves are the thing this year, especially string ones. These are nice and warm—and do give the mitt a very trim look. Natural color and washable. *Wear-Right*. \$2.95

Better invest it wisely in some one thing that's smart and well-made—like any of these accessories. Looking before leaping spares the regrets!



Gold or silver snake-chain choker with ballerina clasp and matching earrings to brighten up a plain, dark dress. Wear the figures in front. *Karu*. \$3.95 for set, plus regular federal tax



A neutral belt is a lifesaver and this one is extra special with its antique metal chataine. *Bryn Maur*. About \$5.00



Mary, Mary, here's a flowerpot of a handbag for you! In gay shades of felt, drawstring handle. *Glendale*. About \$5.00



Here is Robin Hood's shoe—snug and warm for chill days. In suède, with an inner sole. *J. Mackay & Sons*. About \$5.00



This perky red cap—with its black cord trim and saucy feather—will turn you into a real Scottish lassie! Wear it with plaids or your towniest date dress. *Glendale Corp*. About \$5.00



For your jumpers, dirndls, and suits choose a crisp starched white blouse, edged with dainty cotton lace. The black grosgrain drawstring makes a neat little bow tie. *Judy Bond*. \$3.00

Prices are approximate and do not include federal tax

by

EVE HATCH

It's in the Bag

(Continued from page 33)

Anna-Belle had also designed for her a sequin fish pocketbook for evening—and an evening dress with a sequin fish design at the neckline.

Anna-Belle has been studying new and strange animals also to add variety to her business. Animals, when all is said and done, are what really interest her. Bugs, she says, are "too buggy" to use, and she thinks butterflies are likewise "too buggy."

"I might become a real designer, maybe, perhaps," she says, "but I'd much rather have a ranch and horses and things like that. This stuff is just fun."

THE END

Clover Creek

(Continued from page 13)

blond in the brown suit and the flat-heeled shoes. Nothing in her experience compared to Janet, unless it was a dream of a doll she had once seen when she was a child at a county fair.

Janet set her bag down and took off her gloves. "Are you the new housemaid?"

"I guess I am," answered Betty Lee.

Janet laughed. "Bob told me the other day that Mother had a girl."

To think she'd been a housemaid all this time, and hadn't known it!

"I see you're wearing my clothes."

Betty Lee felt uncomfortable. She started to say, "Your mother gave me the dress." But Janet interrupted her.

"Mother's last maid was about your size. We'll hunt up her uniforms for you." She began to toss soiled garments from her bag. "I'll be going back at four tomorrow afternoon. Will you launder these things for me?"

Without a word, Betty Lee gathered them into a bundle and started to leave the room.

"Oh, wait! My friend has some things, too. Pert," Janet caroled, "lug your bag in here."

Reduced to the unimportance of a shadow, Betty Lee waited patiently in the hall by the door.

"What's your name?" Janet sang out after a while.

"My name's Betty Lee."

She came to the door. "I'll call you Betty for short."

"That isn't my name."

"No?"

"No, it isn't!" She wouldn't be done out of her name. It was approved by Bob.

Janet smiled to see anyone flare up so—a smile as perfect as her curls. "I'll try to remember that," she said. "Betty Lee."

Pert came striding in, lanky and athletic looking.

"Betty Lee," Janet told her, "will do your clothes."

"Good!" She grinned disarmingly as she added a stack to Betty Lee's bundle. "Thanks a lot."

"You're welcome," said Betty Lee, to her own surprise. She liked Pert.

As she filled the tubs in the back yard, Betty Lee tried to bring herself round to an acceptance of the rub-board as important in

the scheme of things, though she felt depressed. She had supposed that George Baney would bring Janet, but the roadster in the driveway boasted Pert's initials. Evidently the boys had not been able to get any time off.

Just as she finished hanging the clothes on the line, some customers came. Mrs. Martin was busy in the kitchen.

"You'd better wait on them," she called to Betty Lee. "Janet doesn't know a sunflower from seaweed."

Betty Lee dried her hands hastily and took the short cut through the back garden. She thought, "Why doesn't Janet know about the flowers? They're helping to put her through school."

THERE were five women lined up in front of the rock garden. Janet looked relieved to see Betty Lee approaching.

Betty Lee said, "Good morning," and nodded to the five.

"Each of us has to make a short talk on rock gardens," one of the women explained. "Can you give us any pointers?"

Good luck was with Betty Lee. The evening before, she had read a chapter on rock gardens. The words of the expert eluded her, but she was able to expound his ideas. The women, pleased, took notes. Janet, listening, looked faintly astonished. Betty Lee's enthusiasm seemed to set the women off. In another few minutes, they were wanting to buy.

While Betty Lee got their orders together, Janet chattered away. She mentioned her school. It developed that one of the women



had a daughter who was a day student there.

"I've heard her speak of Janet Martin, but I didn't know this was where you lived. Your mother's made a name for herself in the flower business."

"It's only a hobby with her, really," Janet returned.

Packing the last box, Betty Lee remembered that Mrs. Martin had said, "This isn't a hobby with me—this is my living."

As she collected the money and made change, raindrops began to spatter on the ground. The women ran to their car. Janet started toward the house. But Betty Lee trudged after her customers with a box of plants. The rain began to pour. By the time she had stowed the fifth box in the car, she couldn't have been wetter.

The customers left. As Betty Lee rounded the porch corner, she heard hammering on the back porch, and Janet's voice inquiring, "Granddad, what are you doing?"

"Putting up a clothesline," grunted Elias.

"My daughter hasn't the strength of ten." "I know," Janet replied. "She works too hard."

Provoked, Betty Lee thought, "Then why don't you pitch in and help?"

Janet went on, "I didn't expect Mother to do—" Then her voice broke off. "I handed those things to the maid."

"What maid?" exclaimed Elias.

"The girl! Betty Lee."

"You mean my young friend from down the road? Why, she's practically one of the family."

Rain or no rain, Betty Lee could have danced. Part of the clothes had been taken in, she saw. The rest she scooped off the line. Rompy was trotting back and forth under the porch. Betty Lee ran in, wondering where Janet had taken herself. She began to hang garments on the new line.

Mrs. Martin discovered her. "You're dripping wet! Give me those clothes, and go put on dry things."

"Don't you want to know how much I sold?"

"I do not, till you get dried off."

Betty Lee put on her faded house dress and her old shoes. Then she heard Mrs. Martin calling her. "Come in here. Janet has an electric hair drier."

The hair drier was amazing. Betty Lee sat down at Janet's dressing table. Before she knew it, the fluffy strands were dry. She got up, trying vainly to smooth down the flyaway ringlets.

"Is your hair naturally curly?" Janet asked.

"Yes'm."

Janet looked amused. "Did you say, 'Yes'm'?"

Pert appeared to be amused about something, too. "Why don't you let your hair hang loose? It looks cute."

"I never thought so." Betty Lee backed into the hall. She felt they were poking fun at her. "I enjoyed using the hair drier," she said.

"You may use it again if you like."

"Yes'm, thank you."

They both laughed at that. Perplexed, Betty Lee started to the kitchen. She handed the money to Mrs. Martin, with her mind so engaged that she scarcely heeded her praises. On the porch, she sat on the side of the bed and combed out the tangles. The tangle of her thoughts refused to come straight.

"I don't care what they were laughing about," she concluded.

SHE pulled her braids so tight, her eyebrows felt drawn into a surprised arch. She would do her hair in the same old way. Who cared to imitate Janet or Pert? She tossed her braids back, chin up. It was more than a toss of her head. It was a gesture of independence.

At noon, she trotted from kitchen to living room, putting the finishing touches to the luncheon table. Janet came strolling in with a piece of sheet music in her hand.

"Are you going to play the organ?" cried Betty Lee, delighted.

"Play what?" asked Janet.

"The organ," repeated Betty Lee.

Janet laughed in glee, and called Pert to inform her that Betty Lee had evidently never seen a spinet piano.

Betty Lee owned her error with good humor.
(Continued on page 37)

Speaking of MOVIES



Nanette Parks. You'll see her in "Snafu"

NEXT time you see someone getting knifed in the back in a picture, you can pretty safely bet that the man behind the knife is Tony Gomez, an American of Spanish descent, who earns his living by throwing knives at screen stars! One of his jobs recently was to miss Errol Flynn by a hair's breadth in "San Antonio," and another time he had to hit Monte Blue smack in the middle of the back. For a direct hit like that one, it's comforting to know that the actor's spinal area is protected with a hidden board! Luckily he's never missed a miss, or failed to make a bull's-eye, in all the years he's been dishing out the knives, but he does chew gum madly to soothe his nerves.

★ Shooting of a wrestling match in "Swampfire" is being held up indefinitely because the right wrestling partner for Johnny—"Tarzan"—Weissmuller hasn't yet been found. The studio isn't asking much—just an alligator with a nice disposition! The one they happen to have on hand is too fiercely ambitious.

★ Hollywood, on a hectic hunt for a certain type of screen appeal, has had to take to the dog pound! Animal trainer Jack Gorton rounded up more than a thousand canines for a doggy part in "Kismet," only to have each one tested and rejected. Finally, at his wit's end, he went to the Hollywood dog pound and chose twenty-one mongrels. One—a soulful little dog with a stubby tail—he promptly christened Beauty, the name she would have in her first screen role. Beauty, totally untrained, was scheduled to go before the cameras within a week. This was an almost impossible assignment, but Beauty proved equal to it and in just one week learned how to obey vocal as well as silent

commands—a feat that's kept many a pedigreed pooch running in circles for six months. Since then Beauty has reached the top of four-footed stardom. You'll see her soon playing Butch Jenkins' pal in "Army Brat."

★ The power of suggestion was too strong for the cast of "Too Young To Know." During the shooting of sequences on a set which included a soda fountain, it took an average of 245 ice-cream sodas daily to keep the cast happy!

★ If you've never seen Grace Hanneford, fifteen year old circus star, perform in the ring on her own white pony, you'll have your chance in "Till the Clouds Roll By," the picture based on incidents in the life of Jerome Kern. Gracie, daughter of Poodles Hanneford, the popular riding clown, has recently signed for one of the spectacular circus sequences in "Till the Clouds Roll By." Gracie comes from a long line of famous circus performers, and one of the riding acts she'll do has been handed down in her family for generations. Added attractions in this forthcoming movie are Judy Garland, Robert Walker, Frank Sinatra, Lucille Bremer, and Jacqueline White—all in glorious technicolor!

★ If you're a Lassie fan, here's good news for you. Plans for filming "Lassie the Third" have been announced and the screen play is now being written. A sequel to "Lassie Come Home" and "Son of Lassie," the new picture will have the same principal characters, but an American locale.



Janis Wilson plays opposite Conrad Janis in "Snafu," the picture about teen agers



Conrad Janis, a new young star who plays the part of an underage marine in "Snafu"

ANYONE who happened to run into Conrad Janis when he was about six years old would probably have had to listen to him recite "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," his favorite verse at the time. Conrad says he got over the recitation period by the time he reached eight, and swears he hasn't recited since. His stage presence must have developed early, though, because he mowed down an audience when he appeared in a school play at the tender age of five!

Conrad's honest-to-goodness professional career started considerably later—when he was fourteen, in fact. Through a friend, he heard that there was a bit part open in the touring company of "Junior Miss." He tried out for the part, and not only did he get it, but took over the leading juvenile spot when another actor left the company. When "Junior Miss" arrived in Chicago, Conrad—smart guy that he is—doubled on the radio to get more experience. Appearing in thirteen shows, he got the chance to play parts with an age range of fourteen to forty.

Some time later, Conrad (who's a native New Yorker) got a good part in a Broadway play, "Dark of the Moon." There he was spotted by a Hollywood talent scout and given a screen test, which he passed so well that no time was lost in signing him for the part of the underage Marine hero in the screen version of the stage hit, "Snafu." Don't miss this picture if you think it's fun to watch teen-agers getting in and out of strictly hot water.

Conrad plays Ronald, the boy who leaves home to get into the war, serves in the South Seas, makes a hero out of himself, and is discharged from the Marines at the ripe old age of not quite sixteen. Waiting for him at home are his worried mother (Barbara Jo Allen), his father (Robert Benchley), and Kate, the girl next door, played by fifteen year old Janis Wilson. Nanette Parks as Laura Jessup in the story, and Danny Baker as Jimmy Lloyd, add the complications.

Conrad likes acting best, but swimming and diving run a close second. When he was thirteen he walked off with the Massachusetts diving championship, and the next year he was captain of his school football team. Seems to us that he's a young man to watch!

by PRISCILLA A. SLADE

Clover Creek

(Continued from page 35)

mor. "Bet you don't know what a spindle is."

"I'll bite," said Janet. "What's a spindle?"

Betty Lee grinned. "Anyway, I didn't laugh at you," she said, and sailed into the kitchen.

When they all sat down for lunch, Betty Lee noticed Janet's startled glance.

"Why is she staring?" she wondered. "All I did was sit down at the table."

The food was delicious. Betty Lee listened to the lively conversation, and said little. Janet prompted her to tell them what a spindle was.

Elias caught the remark. "Spindle? My mother did her own weaving. Now, her great-granddaughter doesn't know that thread is wound on a spindle!"

Betty Lee loved to hear him talk. He spoke of wool coverlets, woven from thread dyed at home.

"We still have my gramma's spinning wheel," she put in. "It won the blue ribbon at the fair."

"Isn't that something," marveled Janet.

And, "Isn't it?" agreed Pert.

Betty Lee sat back, nonplussed. "They look down on me," she realized.

LATER, while she and Mrs. Martin were doing dishes, Janet came into the kitchen.

"Mother, what shall I do about entertaining the gang?" she asked.

Mrs. Martin grew thoughtful. "You'll have to invite them here."

"I hate to. There's more floor space in the servants' quarters at Pert Tuttleton's place than there is in our whole house."

"We'll arrange tables on the lawn, and serve buffet style. In the evenings, it's lovely."

Janet looked less unhappy. "What could we serve?"

"You needn't worry," Mrs. Martin smiled.

"Food is our specialty, isn't it, Betty Lee?"

"I'll do all I can to help you," said Betty Lee, and meant just that—"to help you."

Janet turned to her. "Have you ever worked before?"

"Yes'm. Farm work."

"It's seldom you hear anyone say, 'Yes'm' nowadays," Janet mocked.

"Why?"

"I don't know. Times change." She and her mother began talking about the party again.

But Betty Lee had caught one reason for the girls' amusement. It made her afraid to open her mouth when she realized that an expression as familiar to her as yes'm could set her apart from these odd young people.

"Maybe we can wangle the gang into doing part of the cooking outdoors," Janet was saying. "With our farmy setup, that's about the only front we can put up."

"We'll manage," her mother said.

"It isn't easy keeping up," Janet sighed. "Sometimes I wish I didn't have to try."

She sounded like a different person. Betty Lee felt sudden sympathy for her. "That's the real Janet," she thought. "She gets just as discouraged as I do."

"How about the voice teacher?" Mrs. Martin asked.

"I believe he's under control," Janet re-



The ski jumper who never came down!

The skier knifed a straight path down the side of a snow-packed hill—

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plied. "If he presents anyone in a closing program, it won't be Miss 'Plump' Jones. She has a better voice, but I'm a blond."

Betty Lee felt breathless. So that was what Janet's school was like!

Janet kept on imparting her troubles to her mother. "Some of the girls spend more on one fur coat than I spend in three or four years."

"You spend enough," her mother commented.

Under the spell of the revealing talk, Betty Lee found that the dishes had practically washed themselves. Mrs. Martin was intent, serious. Her daughter's problems were hers. Between them, they planned a party that met with Janet's approval.

"George missed you last week end," Mrs. Martin said at length.

"That's what he's supposed to do. He'll be seeing me the rest of his life. There's no hurry."

Betty Lee, hanging up the dish towels, gasped. Did that mean—why it meant that Janet planned, some day, to marry George Baney! Whether George knew it or not, it was as good as done.

"That ranch his father is so crazy about," continued Janet—"they've brought in an oil well on it. George, Senior, is mad clear through. He doesn't need the money. He's afraid it will interfere with his string of purebred cattle."

Mrs. Martin smiled at the thought. "Have him send me a cow to barbecue."

"Only a cow? Wouldn't you rather have the oil well?" Janet shook her shining head in light reproof. "Give me time, angel."

SHE looked as if she wouldn't need much time to get any little thing she wanted from life. There was an ethereal quality about her, a lovely shimmering blondness. But there was nothing lovely about her ambition, in Betty Lee's opinion. She felt the determination back of Janet's plans, the intensity of her hopes. Would they come true?

"When shall the party be?" asked Mrs. Martin. "We'd better get it over while the house is halfway decent. Betty Lee and I cleaned it from the rafters down."

"If it stops raining, that would mean next Saturday," said Janet.

Hearing the decision, Betty Lee drew a shaky breath. A party! Right here before her eyes. The clothes, the food, the talk!

"Gemini!" thought Betty Lee. "I wouldn't miss it for anything!"

And then, swiftly, she wondered whether she really did wish to be there for the party after all.

(To be continued)

For the Younger Set

(Continued from page 25)

the less wide band which avoids that cut-off-in-the-center look.

Short sleeves are still good, from the youngest to the most sophisticated dresses. I've noticed in every collection that puff sleeves are really back. In fact, I saw practically the same dress in a very expensive line for sophisticated women and also in a moderately priced line for you. It had a high, round neck, a basque top, circular skirt, and

little, pushed-up puff sleeves. The expensive version was made of a colorful print and the other of strawberry pink cotton.

Cotton is scarce, though. Probably you'll find some around if you hunt, but if not, I suggest that you get a simple pattern, try to find a few yards of fabric, and make up just what you want yourself.

But going back to ready-to-wear fashions, there are other style points which you've probably noticed in older fashions that have been sized for you. One is the peplum. You'll find it on crepes, failles, and thin pastel wools designed to wear to parties. It's a becoming line if you're tall enough, but one to avoid if you're short, unless it has been carefully proportioned to avoid giving a short-legged effect.

For school there still isn't anything quite as popular as the sweater-and-skirt combination. You've noticed, of course, that Jacquard patterns are good this year—we talked about them a couple of months ago. But plain pull-overs and cardigans have a year-after-year style of their own. Older girls have abandoned the sloppy Joe. Sweaters must have a reasonable fit this year—not skintight, of course, but still not giving you the look of a very small spider trapped in a very large web. There are plenty of colors to choose from. Bright or dark shades are best for hard wear—they don't get the grubby look that pale pink or blue take on. Black is very smart for the older teens, but navy is better for younger girls. When you're about thirteen, you'll look nice in a bright skirt and a dark sweater with a string of pearls. That combination is a favorite from high school through college.

Though still hard to find, school dresses of cotton should be available in larger quantities soon. Stripes, plaids, and combinations of plaid and plain styles are on the calendar. The two-piece effect is good—a plain top, for instance, with a round Peter Pan collar, combined with a plaid or striped skirt. Cap or kimona sleeves are good bets for spring. You can wear them under a coat until the weather warms up a bit, if you feel like rushing the season.

THE jumper dress is a good buy for teen sizes because you adapt it to the climate, wearing it over sweaters or short-sleeved blouses. It's a fashion that takes to any fabric—wool, spun rayon, cotton—and to solid colors or plaids. There are still two types; those with suspenders and those with plain tops and round or square necklines. The suspender top works magic in slimming a solid figure, because the straps can come up in a V to shrink your waist and broaden your shoulders.

Jewelry is one fashion slant that holds to hard-and-fast rules. When in doubt, the answer is—don't! Until you reach fifteen or more, keep away from earrings, lots of jangling bracelets, rings, and pins. A small string of pearly beads or your grandmother's corals will look well on you if you're younger. A simple gold bracelet, either the ring or chain type, is all right for dressing up. But earrings look wrong, somehow, and rings don't go well on your hands. You're too active right now anyway, and you'd probably lose them—the gewgaws I mean, not your hands!

THE END

Costume Carnival

(Continued from page 17)

who also runs up with one piece. This is repeated until all the clothes in the bundles are gone. Dresses can be tied on by the sleeves, shoes tied on around the ankles—in fact, anything goes, as long as the piece of clothing doesn't fall off. If it does fall off, it has to be put on again. As the race progresses, the dummies look dumber and dumber!

After the race comes the surprise. The team which takes the longest time wins! Undoubtedly your out-of-breath guests will be ready to murder you, in which case you should explain that it's perfectly fair, because obviously the winners had the most clothes in their bundles—and that's the object of the drive, isn't it?

Now your guests will probably like to rest, so invite them to sit down, and give each a piece of paper and a pencil. Begin this game by saying that it is all very well to think so much about the rest of the world, but what about the USA? Give them five minutes in which to write down as many of the forty-eight States as they can. The first one to finish, or the one who writes the longest list in the time limit, wins.

But this can't go on forever—it's time for refreshments. Hot chocolate is heavenly, and doughnuts are delicious—but those are merely suggestions!

Of course your party served a good purpose. It's a wonderful feeling to think that you helped to collect clothes for all the cold and ill-clad peoples of the world, especially the boys and girls. But you can do just a little bit more. You can tell your friends where they can turn in the clothes they've collected. If you don't know where your local collection center is, call up the general chairman of the drive in your locality (and if you aren't sure who he is, your local newspaper will be glad to give you this information over the telephone) and tell him your plans. He will then give you advice as to where your friends should bring their clothes. If you wish, you yourself can serve as a collection center, in which case you can ask your friends to leave their bundles when the party is over. Since they wore their own clothes underneath the costumes, you can also ask them to leave their old clothes behind! Yours was strictly a to-have-and-have-not affair! And you *had* fun. And so, good night!

THE END

Little Genius

(Continued from page 11)

was I to know she was the 'Little Genius' when she came banging into me!"

"Bet you a coke, Bill, that she'll never come to another rehearsal."

"I'll just take that bet."

That made up my mind for me. I'd show her. I'd be the dumbest dumbbell they ever saw. I didn't like it, but I didn't miss a rehearsal, either. After awhile I began to enjoy myself. I got to thinking that maybe the audience would remember me as a Dumb Dora when it was all over, and that might be a way to overcome the jinx of the Little

The American Girl

FUN WITH CRAYOLA

Let's make

YOUR VERY OWN CURTAINS

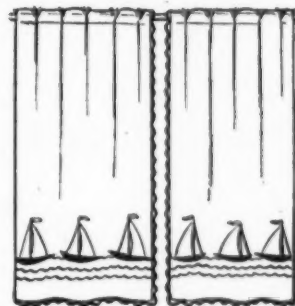
If you can't make them yourself, perhaps someone in the family will make you a pair of short, tailored curtains of unbleached muslin, plain or edged with colored rick-rack. When they're made, stretch the material on a board with thumb tacks. Then, with CRAYOLA Wax Crayons, make a border or all-over

design of the things that interest you—sailboats, trees, fishes, your favorite flowers, funny portraits of your friends, or have each friend sign her autograph in different colors. When your design is complete, place

material face down between layers of glazed paper and press with a hot iron. Lift iron after each application, as moving iron may cause blurring.

If your dealer (U. S. A. only) does not have CRAYOLA, send 35c in stamps, not coins, to

BINNEY & SMITH CO., 41 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.



Genius label, and make the boys and girls really friendly. So I put everything I had into it, and had a grand time.

One look at the audience on the opening night, however, and I wasn't so happy. I was scared stiff. The first scene or two, they didn't get the idea too well, but after that they were very enthusiastic. In fact, they applauded my entrance several times. It gave me quite a thrill.

Then, along toward the end of the show, I saw Bill tearing his hair. "What'll we do?" he was wailing. "The twins' act is our best. Did the doc say Jerry definitely had appendicitis, Joe?"

"Yep."

"And he can't possibly go on?"

"Nope. The ambulance is on the way now."

"Good grief," moaned Bill. "Harry's swell, but all alone he'll fall flat." Then he saw me. His mouth dropped open. "I've got it!" he yelled. "Cynthia, we'll line up all your instruments on the stage. Violin, xylophone—the whole shebang. You do your stuff all over again as Harry goes through his routine. Will you do that, Cyn?"

"Yes, if you want me to."

"That's the girl. The curtain's down. I'll fix your stuff." And while they were arranging the two pianos, Bill got everything ready. The curtain went up. Harry started playing "Gypsy Melody." "Hold it, Cyn," whispered Bill. "Okay, now make your entrance."

I sashayed on stage. The audience howled. I walked over and picked up the violin.

Harry was switching to "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." I quickly tuned the violin, raised it and started playing—so excited that I nearly burst into tears. There was a hush, and I could feel the eyes of everyone in the wings upon me. Harry almost stopped playing. I was wondering what Bill would say. And then the audience broke into wild applause. Pretty soon they settled down.

Harry started his medley of service marches, and I switched to the xylophone. The audience was wonderful. Harry had his breath back by then, and he threw in something new—"Nola." He gave me the breaks. People were all but standing on their chairs.

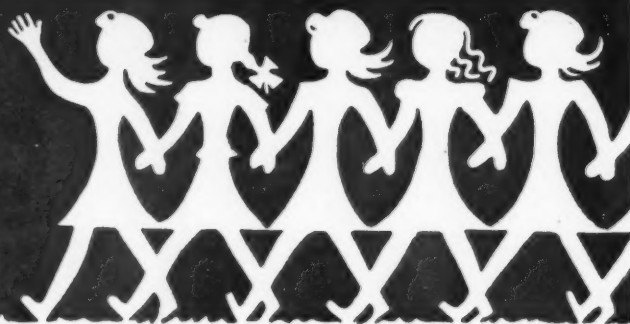
While Harry played "Tonight We Love," I went over to the other piano. As he ended, I came down hard with "St. Louis Blues," just as Jerry did, and brother, did we beat those old pianos!

The curtain came down. The audience was screaming. Everybody was pounding me on the back. There were curtain calls galore, and Harry took one alone. Then I called him back and whispered to him. I straightened my hair, picked up the violin, and we played. The curtain went down on a roar of applause. Then there was the finale, and more curtain calls, and it was all over.

Oh, gee, it's wonderful to be dumb! I'm so happy. That's my new nickname, "Little Dumbbell." I even received a note so addressed from the president of the freshman class. He's taking me to the Frosh Ball! Oh, gee!!!

THE END

IN STEP WITH THE TIMES



by LLOYD WELDON

Women of Japan

World War II has freed the women of Japan. Like French and Yugoslavian women, they won their first chance to vote only in the last few months—but they still have a long, long way to go on the road to real liberty!

For the women of Japan must struggle against the teachings of centuries of slavery. The ancient proverbs she learned as a little girl told her that "obedience and modesty" were the finest qualities in a woman. Rules of etiquette said she was not fit to eat with men—that she must not sit down to dinner until the men had finished eating, that she must stand up in streetcars so that her husband might have a seat, and that she must always follow him through doorways. She knew, too, that it was no use to fall in love or to make herself attractive to boys because—when the time came—a marriage would be arranged to suit the convenience of her family.

True, for some years before the war she might perhaps get a job in a factory, if help were short—at thirty cents a month, plus her board and room. Or, if she could afford the training, she *might* work as a typist or clerk at miserable wages. But there was no question about a woman's place being in the home, and if she did dare to revolt there was small chance of success.

This pattern began to change when the needs of the Japanese war machine forced women to do men's work. In factories they learned to operate machine tools, to make munitions, to pack food. They studied to

become doctors and teachers and scientists—to replace men. They joined clubs and worked together and learned the meaning of the words independence, liberty—and even pleasure. And above all, they earned the trust and respect of their menfolks. The cabinet of Japan under prodding from General MacArthur, hastily granted them citizenship and the right to vote!

The leader in the battle for equal rights for Japanese women is a middle-aged former schoolteacher named Miss Fusaye Ishikawa. She's still head of the League for Women Suffrage which she started twenty years ago, and like most of the other women in Japan today, she wears baggy trousers and a man's jacket—not a kimono—and heavy glasses. Once, in 1931, she nearly won in her struggle for woman's suffrage, but was beaten by a group of militarists who said that since women didn't like war they shouldn't have the right to vote.

Miss Ishikawa believes that it will be another ten or fifteen years before little Miss Misuko—the Miss Jones of Japan—really learns what her vote means and wakes up to the fact that she has a voice in the government and a right to join a club without fear of the secret police. She thinks that the majority of the women in the land of the rising sun will go on for some time accepting the men suggested to them as husbands, and that woman's chief job will continue to be that of wife and mother. But she knows too that women have turned a psychological corner in Japan and that now, for the first time, they see themselves as real persons

with talents and abilities and rights. And she adds—with just the suggestion of a smile—that she doesn't think it will take them long at all to learn they can now talk back to their husbands—in a nice way, of course. Certainly the old day, when a Japanese woman was required to black her teeth on her wedding day to show the world that she was some man's slave, will never dawn again!

Want to Buy A House?

You can walk into a New York department store these days and buy yourself an airplane, and by spring, if you feel in the mood, you're going to be able to go shopping for a house. It will be a prefabricated house, which will be built in sections and shipped to you by truck and trailer, along with a crew of five trained men who'll set it up in two days, four hours, and forty minutes.

It will have everything, once it's up—polished and waxed floors, plumbing, heating and gas installations, and if you give the men an extra day, they'll put up wall paper, paint the kitchen cabinets, and you'll be all set.

A house with two bedrooms, a living room and kitchen will cost just about \$4,000; a larger one with four or five bedrooms, living room, kitchen, dining room, porch, and garage will cost about twice as much—but it won't take any longer to put up.

They are simple houses, of course, but they're done in an attractive Cape Cod—that's the white with green shutters—style. They're made by Anchorage Homes, Inc., and they hope to make them as easy to buy as a dozen oranges.



SHORTIE QUIZ

● Did you know that the Civil War lasted four months longer than did our war with Germany, Italy, and Japan?

We were in World War II for 44 months. The Civil War lasted 48 months—four years.

● Did you know that there was an average of 4,576 GI's killed every month during World War II?

It was our bloodiest war. But the Civil War was almost as costly in lives. There was an average loss of life each month of 3,845, with the North losing soldiers at a rate of about two to one over the South.

● Did you know that there were about as many

American soldiers killed in this war as there are people in San Diego, California—about 202,000?

● Did you know that although the Navy and the Air Forces suffered severely in this war eight out of every ten men killed in combat were infantrymen?

● Did you know that out of the 239 heroes who won the nation's highest award—the Congressional Medal of Honor—only 144 lived to tell of their gallant deeds?

● Did you know that General "Hap" Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces, thinks we will soon have robot bombs, carrying atom bombs, at a speed of 50 miles a minute?

—Excerpts from General Marshall's report, "The Winning of the War in Europe and the Pacific."

Becky and the Youth Problem

(Continued from page 7)

you've seen me around school all year."

"It's Mable," I said.

"Yes, it is," she said. "It's Mable Foster. And I wrote that note myself. I had a silly idea that if I found your purse for you—oh, well—forget it. Take your purse and get out of here! You don't have sense enough to appreciate it, or anything else you have. I hate you! Go on home now—where you belong!"

She ran up the steps into the trailer, and I was left standing there, feeling more like a fool than I had ever felt in my life. It is not true—what she said. My father owns a grocery store, and my mother helps him run it. Most of the housework gets turned over to me, because of that. It is true that I have things pretty nice. I do have friends in school—but she had, too, back where she came from. There was no need for her to talk to me like that, because she was new in a school where I had been all my life.

All the way home, jolting along on that bus, I kept remembering how Mable Foster looked, running up the steps of that trailer. It was on my mind all evening. She'd said that back in her own school she had had friends and led things, as I did in Allen High. It was just as if I could see her in my place, and myself in hers. I couldn't get the whole miserable thing out of my mind.

The next day I marched right down to the office and asked for a conference with Mr. Curtis. It was awfully flattering to have him take so much time with me, but he is a nice person and understands our problems.

"Well, Becky," he said when I left, "I'll see what I can do. I know a few people I might ask for help and maybe—I won't promise, but maybe—we can do something."

THAT'S the way the Allen Teen Canteen began. Mr. Curtis found a man who had a vacant building we could use. We scrubbed it from ceiling to floor. We found chairs, and game tables, and even a piano that people would donate to the cause. We received gifts of money and we rented a juke box. We worked like dogs, until it was a recreational dream. The night it opened I had callouses on my hands, cricks in my back, and I was so weary that all I could do in comfort was sit on the side lines, and nod. But I was very happy. One of the first things I did when the Teen Canteen idea struck was to go see Mable Foster. I tried to tell her how sorry I was about the way I had acted. And then she began to cry, and I cried with her. Neither of us could find our hankies, and then we began to laugh, and things were better after that.

I got Mable to go with me to help clean the Canteen. You never saw such a worker. She could cut circles around any of us, and as an organizer she was twice as methodical as Jeanie. She even had Baby Geisler working so hard he forgot to eat a single peanut one entire afternoon. Mike ran her errands like a devoted slave, and I would have been halfway jealous if I hadn't suspected he was doing it to make me so. But the best part of the whole thing was the way Mable

Don't Envy Them.. Be One of Them!

JOIN THE SCHOOL BAND



You'll have more fun, more travel, more adventure...you'll be more popular...if you play in the band! You'll take part in all the parades and celebrations...you'll be pointed out with pride by father and mother and all your friends—you'll be a real part of the show, not just an onlooker!

FREE BOOK, "Fun and Popularity Through Music"

The thrilling new 28-page book (illustrated below) tells how you can join the "select" group—how you can "be one of them"—how you can win friends, have fun and be popular making music. How you can even play your way through college as thousands of others have done. Get your free copy from your friendly Conn dealer, or write Conn direct. No obligation. Send now, today!



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seemed to be able to get the new boys and girls interested, giving them jobs to do which made them feel necessary and important, and drawing them into things, until we all felt we had known one another for years.

Every time I saw her conferring with some of the kids on what to do here, or there, or where to place this or that piece of furniture, I had the strangest feeling. As if, had things been changed around and I had gone to her town, maybe she would have given me the same chance I had given her here. It was funny, and scary—like having an ouija board spell out a message when you didn't really believe in it at all.

That was why I didn't feel a bit bad—honestly—when the election returns came in. You see, deep down in my heart I had sort of hoped they'd elect me the first president of the organization. After all, I was responsible for the idea. But they didn't. They elected Mable Foster.

After the first few seconds, I didn't mind it at all. It was just about as good as if I had won the election. Almost, I felt, as if I had.

THE END

Pioneers in White

(Continued from page 19)

examples of what physical therapy can accomplish. Every day of the year it proves its worth in treating infantile paralysis, arthritis, broken bones, sprains and strains, and even certain mental and nervous troubles.

But what does physical therapy really mean? What does it offer in the way of a career? Would you be well suited for this work? Where can you get your training? Good questions, all of them—hold on a minute and we'll dig out the answers for you!

Have you ever seen anybody sitting, begoggled, under an ultraviolet-ray lamp? That's physical therapy. Or have you taken corrective exercises at school or camp—learned to breathe better, strengthen your muscles, flatten your back? Then you've even had physical therapy. Whirlpool baths and underwater exercises are part of it. So is plain, old-fashioned sun-bathing, scientific massage, immersion of crippled limbs in hot paraffin baths. The principles are all as old as Hippocrates (500 B.C.—remember?) but only since World War I has the profession come to stand on its own two feet.

CHANCES are you've lumped physical therapy with nursing. True, many graduate nurses do take it up as a promising specialty, but really, physical therapy is a separate, self-contained branch of the healing art, concerned with bringing motion and independence to the disabled. A real qualified P.T. is a graduate of a school approved by the American Medical Association, or is registered with the American Registry of Physical Therapy Technicians, or is a member of the American Physiotherapy Association—or all three.

There are now about 2,500 qualified men and women experts working in the field, with 600 more studying to take their places beside them. But 5,000 more are needed in the next three years alone—and as far ahead as the eye can see there's a chance for a successful career for all well-trained P.T.s.

How do we know? Because it's predicted that the day isn't distant when *any* bed patient may receive some form of physical therapy, and every approved general hospital will have a thriving department of busy P.T.s. The Army's reconditioning program, too, suggests new trails that physical therapy will blaze in the prevention line—by teaching us how to use our bodies to the best mechanical advantage in all activities. And the modern treatment of infantile paralysis calls for hundreds of trained workers.

Now—how to be one of these new women in white? No, you don't have to be a nurse first. Graduation from college as a physical educator or science major—or in some cases, two or three years' college work with emphasis on science—will admit you to an ap-

The OUTLOOK For P. T.s

"We hope to attain the goal of 5,000 additional physical therapists in five years. This will require expansion and improvement of our present training facilities. But whether that number is trained or not, there will be a demand for qualified P.T.s in 1950 and after. The spectacular results achieved by the reconditioning program in the Army suggest the role which physical therapy is destined to play in prevention.

"In addition to its use in the care of infantile paralysis patients and injured workmen, physical therapy can help prevent fatigue, back strain, and postural defects by instructing individuals how to use their bodies to the best mechanical advantage in all activities. Within five years it is possible physicians will prescribe exercises for all bed patients.

"The physical therapist of the future may well play a greater part in prevention than in treatment. The outlook for those considering physical therapy as a career is decidedly bright."

JESSIE L. STEVENSON

President, American Physiotherapy Association

proved physical therapy school.

Let's assume you have the proper qualifications and are accepted at an approved physical therapy school. Your first six months there will be fascinating and difficult, very much like those in any medical school. You'll be steeped to the ears in anatomy and physiology—you'll come to know every human joint, nerve, ligament, muscle, bone, and tissue as well as you know your own name. There'll be lectures, demonstrations, laboratory work. You'll practice the principles of scientific massage on your classmates—and even act as a guinea pig yourself. And, since a P.T. must practice what she preaches, you'll

be an expert in "body mechanics," learning how to stand, sit, walk, bend, lift, and carry correctly. Ultraviolet, short-wave diathermy, and whirlpool bath machines—you'll be a master in their use. Always you'll be taught the power of psychotherapy—which means that a wise, cheerful, pleasant personality is an important part of your equipment. And you'll soon come to see for yourself that it's part of your job to get your patient's co-operation—for no amount of motion, active or passive, is useful unless he understands too, tries, and keeps right on trying. If you've read "And Now To Live Again," the little book by Betsy Barton, you'll understand this point clearly.

Next on the program comes your period of "practice training"—three to six months (depending on your school) working in local hospitals under the supervision of graduate P.T.s. Perhaps the first week you'll prepare hot packs for infantile paralysis patients, or work on the muscles of a fractured leg just out of its plaster cast. A few weeks later may find you operating an iron lung or an electric muscle tester. This internship period is valuable, because no matter how confident you are of your facts, how undismayed you were by classroom work, laying hands on a real patient is something else again. Stage fright attacks many students then, for they know what delicate work they're doing—how even the way a physical therapist lifts a limb to give it passive exercise, for instance, *must* be right, since it sets a pattern for motion which the patient cannot yet perform himself. Real damage can be done by an inept P.T.—which is why doctors and hospitals insist on qualified workers, experts in anatomy and physiology.

FOR a graduate of an approved school, finding a job out in the world presents no problem. Hospitals, practicing physicians, veterans' homes, factories, colleges and schools are all clamoring for well-trained P.T.s. And knowing you're a pioneer in a wonderful humanitarian field won't be your only reward either—you can expect to earn a good living at it, too. Many P.T.s now earn \$125 to \$175 a month, sometimes in addition to room and board, usually with uniforms, some meals, laundry, and transportation costs. Some hospitals today pay \$200 to \$250 a month; executive and teaching jobs pay as high as \$4,000 to \$6,000 a year!

If you still think you'd like to be a P.T., take the quiz you'll find on page 44. Did you answer "yes" to all the questions? Then you're well suited, temperamentally, for a happy career in physiotherapy.

First, plan your high school and college courses to include the scientific subjects which will help you most. The American Physiotherapy Association, 1790 Broadway, New York City 19, will send you an outline of suggested preparatory work.

Then, choose your physical therapy school—and an alternate in case your first choice is overcrowded. Make absolutely sure you pick approved schools. This is most important later, especially when it may be the deciding factor in getting you the job you want most. A good little booklet called "Physical Therapy—A Service and a Career," available from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, 120 Broadway, New York City 5, will

(Continued on page 44)

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Jokes

SUPERFLUOUS

CUSTOMER: Can this fur coat be worn out in the rain?

SALESMAN: Madam, did you ever see a rabbit carry an umbrella?

Sent by MILDRED BROWN, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTHING DOING

A little boy on a streetcar was sneezing and sniffing. An elderly lady sitting next to him was plainly disturbed. After several disapproving looks, she finally said, "Little boy, do you have a handkerchief?"

At this the boy answered, "Yes, ma'am, but I'm not allowed to lend it to strangers."

Sent by ALICE MARCUM, Cheviot, Ohio.

HIS MISTAKE

AMERICAN TOURIST (To CANADIAN NORTHWEST INDIAN): White man glad to see red man. White man hopes big chief is feeling tiptop this morning.

INDIAN (CALLING): Hey, Jake! Come here and listen to this bozo. He's great!

Sent by LAURICE JEAN RICKIE, Wood Dale, Ill.

MAKES PERFECT

GRANDFATHER: Grandson, I've been practicing law for fifty years.

GRANDSON: My, Grandfather, that's a long time to practice. You ought to be a real lawyer pretty soon. I should think.

Sent by CAROLE MARIE BAGLEY, Norwood, Mass.

SOURPUSS

BOOTBLACK: Shine your shoes?

BUSINESSMAN: No!

BOOTBLACK: Shine 'em so you can see your face.

BUSINESSMAN: No!

BOOTBLACK: Don't blame you.

Sent by NANCY RENNINGER, Frederick, Pa.

NO SEE

LENNY: How did you hurt your arm?

GLENNY: See that big rock over there?

LENNY: Yes.

GLENNY: Well, I didn't.

Sent by BARBARA HOLLAND, Barrington, Ill.

NEW PRIZES: The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke published on this page. So be sure to send us your funniest jokes, giving your name, your age and your complete address.

GOOD BEGINNING

YOUTHFUL FATHER: Our baby is beginning to recite, "Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?"

NEIGHBOR: And he's only nine months old?

FATHER: Well, he doesn't say all of it yet, but he's got as far as "baa, baa."

Sent by ERMA MAE GEORGE, Las Banos, California.

IGNORED

JEAN: That boy is annoying me.

JANE: But he hasn't even looked at you.

JEAN: That's what annoys me.

Sent by ESTHER ETKIN, Los Angeles, Cal.

SAFE BET

A young man had scaled a high fence into a small field to gather some unusually beautiful wild flowers for his fiancée. He suddenly called excitedly to a farmer hoeing corn in the adjoining field, "Hey, you, is this bull safe?"

Smugly the farmer replied, "I reckon he's a dern sight safer than you be!"

Sent by ELIZABETH STOFFEL, Port Jefferson, N. Y.



"Wrecked a whole town, did you, Willie? Well I always thought you would!"

Courtesy of Collier's

TEACHER'S TREAT

TEACHER: I take great pleasure in giving you 80% in geometry, James.

JAMES: Aw gee, why don't you make it a hundred and really enjoy yourself?

Sent by MARY A. AWALD, North Collins, N. Y.

NEAT ANSWER

FATHER: Why is it that you're always at the bottom of the class, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Oh, it doesn't make any difference, Father. They teach the same thing at both ends.

Sent by IRIS SCHULMAN, Brooklyn, New York.

LAZY

SALESMAN: Why this machine will do half your work.

CUSTOMER: I'll take two of them.

Sent by BARBARA SANTOS, Pittsfield, Mass.

REMEDY

During a lesson in grammar, the teacher wrote on the blackboard:

"I didn't have no fun at the seashore."

Then turning to one of the pupils, she asked, "Roland, how should I correct that?"

And Roland answered, "Get a boy friend!"

Sent by LAURETTA MAYTUM, Batavia, Illinois.

RUSH JOB

Father came home one night and asked his three children what they had done to help their mother.

"I washed the dishes," said Lillian.

"I dried them," said Billy.

The youngest smiled and said, "I picked up all the broken pieces."

Sent by JANICE GOLDSTEIN, New London, Conn.



Bothered with Hickies?

DON'T "pick" and scratch! Use Resinol Soap and Ointment daily, as many girls do, to help improve your skin.

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Pioneers in White

(Continued from page 42)

give you the approved list. And if—when you're all set to start your training—you find you'll need financial help, apply to that same Foundation for a scholarship to help cover tuition, maintenance, books, and even transportation if necessary. Because of the very urgent need for physical therapists they've set aside a substantial portion of the money raised by the annual March of Dimes to help promising, ambitious young people like you educate themselves for the profession. Training under one of these scholarships doesn't mean that you'll work only with infantile paralysis cases. Not at all, you'll help all patients—wherever physical therapy may be needed.

The 1946 March of Dimes (January 14-31) will commemorate the birthday of our late President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, founder of the organization, and continue to supply funds for research and education as well as for direct aid to the infantile paralysis victims.

Congratulations, all you P.T.s-to-be. You're the white hope for the future of the crippled, injured, and disabled. As you grow in your career you'll know the greatest satisfaction in the world—the one that comes from an inner knowledge of your usefulness—and you'll have skill and knowledge that will never forsake you.

QUIZ For a Future P. T.

- 1. Do you like to work with your hands?**
Your skill will be in your fingers, a deft and gentle strength that has no relation to how big and husky, or small and delicate, your body is.
- 2. Do you like meeting all types of people?**
Your patients will run the gamut of human nature, from dock workers to financiers, infants to grandmothers.
- 3. Do you work well as part of a team?**
You won't work completely on your own. You'll have the stimulating co-operation of doctors, nurses, social workers, families.
- 4. Are you interested in the scientific reasons for things?**
Part of your training will be the study of the basic sciences. You must know *why* you do everything you do.
- 5. Do hospitals challenge your curiosity?**
You'll work in them constantly. They are fascinating places when you understand them.
- 6. Do you like to be of service to others?**
The greatest satisfaction in the world comes from an inner knowledge of your usefulness—in a field still open to pioneers.

THE END

"How to handle parents" by BING CROSBY

starring in Paramount's new hit film, "ROAD TO UTOPIA"

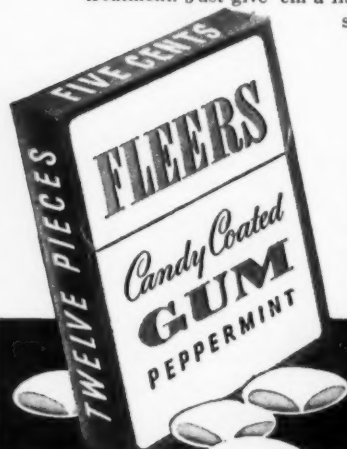


"Parents are positively people. Remember, they have a lot of problems. When Dad hides your lipstick, or Mom insists you take sad sack Elsie to the Prom, don't pout . . . speak out. Give 'em the benefit of the doubt . . . they want to understand.

"Honest, you'd be surprised how parents respond to kind treatment. Just give 'em a little gush when they do something solid. (Crosby kids please note!)"



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BOOKS

by MARJORIE CINTA

THESE are busy times—what with trying to live up to your shiny New Year's resolutions to help Mother about the house, keeping your school work up to the mark, and taking an active part in whatever projects your troop or club has on its winter agenda. End of term means reviewing for final exams also, so there are not too many opportunities to cuddle up comfortably with a book now that winter is in full swing. So you won't waste any of your precious moments of relaxation on something not to your taste, we bring you a sort of fruit salad of the new books. There should be one in this varied collection that is just what you have been wanting to read.

Tune in for Elizabeth. By MARY MARGARET McBRIDE. *Dodd Mead & Company*, \$2.00. Are you one of Mary Margaret McBride's entranced audience of thirteen million? Have you thought how easy it sounds as you listened to her apparently effortless, rambling broadcasts and pictured yourself as a top-notch radio interviewer? Then you'll gleefully devour Mary Margaret's story of how Elizabeth Carey, a clearheaded young Middle Westerner, set about learning the mechanics of the reporting-interviewing job she planned some day to have in radio. Unlike most young people who approach successful figures in their chosen field to get a start, Elizabeth had a very well-thought-out plan of how she could be of service—over which she had worked for weeks—before she secured her interview with Janet Adams, the famous radio personality in this story, who is quite evidently Mary Margaret herself. This is a nice point to remember when you are launching yourself on a career. Elizabeth soon realized the amount of preparation and hard work that went into the planning of the seemingly casual interviews, but it took her a long time to understand the secret of their success. Even if you aren't a Mary Margaret fan, you will enjoy Elizabeth and her friends and the New York-Radio City background, but if you are toying with the idea of a job in radio, you'll get double enjoyment out of all the material on radio interviewing by one of the most successful women of the Air Waves.

The Lost Moon Mystery. By L. A. WADSWORTH. *Farrar & Rinehart*, \$2.00. Do you go in for the relaxation of a puzzling "whodunit" now and then and pat yourself on the back when you beat the brainy hero to a solution? Here is a case to test your wits. When Dix Carey was shot while on a hunting party which included most of the leading citizens of Lassiter, was it accident, suicide, or murder? How was it that the sleigh bells on the sign of run-down

Lost Moon Inn set up a jangling at the time Carey met his death, though everyone testified there was no wind? Was the wily old judge who owned the inn putting over a crooked deal in trying to dispose of his Lost Moon property to the very men involved in the hunting incident? The suspicions of Kim Wynant, friend of the dead man's son, were aroused. Happy-go-lucky Kim had recently given up a number of jobs and he was acquiring the reputation of a rolling stone that was beginning to worry him. Would he prove to himself and the town of Lassiter that he had the determination and persistence to stick to a tough job such as unraveling the clues in the Carey case, even when the going was spiced with serious danger to himself?

American Champions. TEXT AND PICTURES BY GLADYS EMERSON COOK. *The Macmillan Company*, \$1.75. Here is a find for dog lovers—a book listing all the well-known breeds of dogs, each illustrated with a fine drawing of a famous champion. A brief bit of text accompanies each picture, giving a description of the important characteristics of the breed. Because the champions themselves in many cases posed for the artist, who is well known for her animal drawings, the portraits are accurate and full of life. The groupings of the American Kennel Club—sporting, nonsporting, hounds, working, terriers, and toys—are represented by appealing pictures of famous animals.



Ann Bartlett Returns to the Philippines. By MARTHA JOHNSON. *Thomas Y. Crowell*, \$2.00. To many of you, Ann Bartlett is an old friend. If you haven't made her acquaintance, and you are interested in nursing and enjoy excitement, here's your chance to meet the girl who attracts more adventures than any other nurse in the Navy. Restless because she had not heard from her fiancé, a Navy pilot on duty in the Pacific, Ann asked to be transferred to the hospital ship, *Sea Haven*. By accident, she was put with a lifesaving crew in an open boat, which became lost in the South Pacific where the fighting was heaviest. After a

grueling trip—such as many a sailor in this war has endured—and many breath-taking adventures, the party contacted the guerrillas on Luzon just as the Allied invasion was about to take place. Anne forgot her own danger in caring for the wounded up to the moment of her dramatic rescue. Never has she had greater opportunity to show that she possesses more than her share of the courage, unselfishness, and devotion to duty which animated so many nurses in this war.

Model Child. By MARJORY HALL. *Houghton Mifflin Company*, \$2.00. Ever dream about being a model and walking down a long ramp in the season's smartest frocks? Or having your face smile at you from magazine covers? Bunny Wayland did—she thought she had only to walk out on a runway to be a sensation, headed straight for Hollywood. Bunny was a not-very-well-adjusted member of the Stonebury crowd, whom you will remember with pleasure from Miss Hall's other books. What a long, hard pull it was before she made the grade! She had practically to make herself over and do a vast amount of growing up before she found herself established in her profession, and worthy of the hard-won approval of the young man she had at one time liked least of all her dates. This is an enjoyable story of young people very much like your own school crowd, and it offers the hard, cold facts of modeling as a career without the usual sugar-coating of glamour.

Personal Problems of the High School Girl. By FRANCES S. MILLER and HELEN LAITEM. *John Wiley & Sons*, \$2.50. Of course you want to make the most of yourself and to have as full and rich a life as possible. You want to be a healthy, happy, well-adjusted woman, who is poised, well-groomed, tastefully dressed and attractive in appearance. You want friends, a husband, a home and children. You want to be able to earn your own living and to make your contribution as a good citizen. Sounds like a tall order, doesn't it? Well right now, during your high school days, is the time to lay your plans. Here is a book crammed with tips to help you attain these desirable ends. There are sections on understanding yourself and on getting along with your family and friends, on dating and marriage, caring for children, on budgeting and spending money wisely, on selecting, buying, and caring for clothes, on health, good looks, etiquette, leisure time activities and planning for college or a job. There are questions you will find it fun to answer at the end of each section and an index which will make it easy for you to check your answers through reference to the text.

THE END

Women's Work in F.B.I.

(Continued from page 9)

Sometime before V-E Day, for instance, a girl in our tremendous Records Section made a great contribution to the safety of our country. Word had reached the FBI that a certain man wanted to enter the United States. He said that he was a merchant of a neutral country—that his visit would be merely for business purposes. Immediately, a girl searcher went to the index cards—there are approximately twenty million of them!—and found that the man in question was one of the most notorious Axis spies, wanted by the intelligence service of one of our Allies. Naturally the spy was refused entry into the United States and the interested Allied agency was notified so that it could take the necessary action.

HERE'S another exciting wartime case. A girl, checking the name of a person reported as "possibly dangerous," discovered him to be a previous member of the German Imperial Navy—who had been interned in an Allied country during World War I as an undesirable alien! Once again, of course, the man was interned—after his case was heard before an Alien Enemy Hearing Board. Would you still say the work these girls do is dull?

Just as in your favorite detective story, the scene of a crime is always searched for evidence. Let's say now that a man has been shot in a jewelry store holdup, and that the sheriff there has found a cardboard box on the floor and a bullet lodged in the wall. Carefully he wraps these pieces of evidence and sends them to the FBI Laboratory.

There the package is taken by a girl recorder to the firearms examiner. If no letter has arrived describing the package, it's first examined under a fluoroscope by the recorder and examiner, who then open the package together and search the evidence within. Then the firearms expert examines the bullet microscopically and determines the caliber of the gun from which it was fired.

But what about the cardboard box? That's sent to a girl laboratory worker (take a deep breath) a "document identification specialist" or "assistant document examiner." There are fingerprints on this box, called "latent" because they are not visible to the eye until brought out chemically. So the document identification specialist treats the box—first by placing it in a tray containing a solution of silver nitrate, then under a carbon arc lamp. This process makes the fingerprint pattern visible.

Next step: the sheriff is advised of the caliber of the gun which fired the bullet—and also of the fact that fingerprints were developed on the box. Meanwhile the sheriff has been busy too, rounding up several persons suspected of doing the shooting. He sends the fingerprints of his suspects and

their guns to the FBI Laboratory. Test bullets are fired from the suspects' guns and compared with the bullet found at the scene of the crime, and the fingerprints are compared with those found on the cardboard box. The story ends, of course, when one of the suspects' bullets and fingerprints match the guilty ones—and another criminal is brought to justice!

Now let's analyze another kind of case, a type that occurred frequently during the war, involving the defense of the nation. A mysterious message is intercepted—typed by an unknown typewriter and signed by an unknown hand! Hidden within its harmless-looking phrases may be a message of great importance to the enemy. The FBI must learn the information concealed in the letter in order to thwart the cunning plans of our opponents.

Into the hands of a specially trained girl cryptanalyst is placed this coded message. After hours of patient work, she unravels the true meaning behind the words of the message—information to the enemy which might have resulted in the sinking of an American troopship and the loss of many lives.

But that's not enough. The question remains: Who was the writer of the message? To answer this one the letter is passed along to girl document identification specialists, expert in all the minute characteristics of handwriting.

They compare the typewriting in the mysterious letter with the Bureau's typewriter specimen file and discover the make of the machine upon which it was written. Next, they see that the handwritten signature is very similar to that on some previously intercepted letters. So—girls in the Communications Section flash this information over

the teletype to an FBI agent in the field who arrests a man long suspected of dealing with the enemy. Specimens of this suspect's handwriting and typewriting are secured and sent back to the FBI Laboratory where they're compared with the intercepted message. Just as you suspected—they're identical! Quickly and competently then, an urgent call is put through to the field office—that arrested man is a nefarious spy, employed by the intelligence service of an enemy country!

THERE are many more stories I could tell you—all thrilling and worth while—of these women who work behind the scenes in the various branches of the FBI. They all deserve the most honorable mention and society's debt to them is tremendous. There are the girls who work as assistants to the men experts in the laboratories—conducting blood analyses, serological examinations, making microscopic studies of hairs and fibers, and doing other chemical research; the secretaries and stenographers daily transcribing reports of the most secret nature; the women who work in the photographic, cartographic, and statistical divisions; the women radio operators who maintain contact with FBI field officers in Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska. And did you know that, in Washington, girls are in charge of WFBQ, the FBI short-wave station, keeping contact with radio-equipped cars which operate in near-by districts? Yes, it's the voice of a girl very much like you—only a little older—that's calling all cars!

Requirements for a job in the FBI? First you must be a United States citizen, with normal good health—those are basic standards for all workers in the Bureau. For a clerical position, you must be at least eighteen and a high school graduate. Have stenographic ambitions? In addition to the above, you must be able to pass a dictation test at 120 words a minute; a typing test at 45 words a minute. Translators must have a thorough knowledge of more than one foreign language and be able to translate material both to and from English. Junior cryptanalysts must be college graduates with their Bachelor's degree in such subjects as physics, chemistry, or engineering. Preference is, of course, given to those who have Master's degrees in a particular science—and to those whose schooling is supported by two years in the workaday world. Naturally, the background of all applicants is investigated—thoroughly. Unusually high standards, these? That they are—always have been, and must remain so because of the nature of the Bureau's work.

But for girls who are ready to shoulder a real burden of responsibility in jobs that call for loyalty, self-sacrifice, and alertness, there are plenty of career opportunities in the Bureau's relentless war against domestic criminals and against those who would undermine our national security.

THE END



Doll Up Your Program

(Continued from page 29)

thank offering and hung upon its walls a tablet describing the history of his case. Hippocrates, the first great physician, studied many of these tablets and concluded that illness results from the neglect of those laws of health which we today call hygiene, a word derived directly from Hygeia.

Phoebe, the world's first visiting nurse, was an associate of St. Paul. The haughty Romans despised the sick and weak, but Christ bade his followers visit and aid the sick poor. Phoebe and her sister, deaconesses of the early Church, were consecrated by the bishop to engage in this holy work.

Fabiola, a patrician Roman matron, at the age of twenty was described as beautiful, proud, overbearing, and easily angered, ruling like an empress over all who surrounded her. With her conversion to Christianity in the fourth century, a great change took place in her character. She turned her palace into the world's first Christian hospital, and she herself did not shrink from dressing the ugly wounds and sores of the humblest beggar.

Radegunde, who later was canonized as a saint, was a barbarian queen. After her husband had cruelly murdered her brother she fled to a Christian church in Poitiers, where she was baptized and became a nun. Later she founded a convent where two hundred nuns helped her care for the sick and poor.

Radegunde took an especial interest in leprosy, which was brought from the East by returning travelers and Crusaders. Much that was called leprosy in those days was perhaps only skin disease, but hospitals such as the one founded by Radegunde prevented the spread of contagion, and relieved suffering by sheltering these outcasts.

Sisters of Charity. On March 25, 1633, Louise De Mèrillac, an educated lady of the French court, became one of the first Sisters of Charity. Under the guidance of St. Vincent de Paul she turned her fine house into a home and training school for nurses. The strong, wholesome peasant girls who came to join the order arrived in Paris in the peasant dresses they had worn at home—gray-blue gowns and great, winglike headdresses, which became the habit of their order.

THESE Sisters of Charity took yearly vows and were not cloistered. After completing five years' training they went about freely, nursing in homes and hospitals. Their devoted care of the French wounded during the Crimean War made the neglect of the English soldiers all the more apparent. And they are still serving in this way, nursing the wounded of World Wars I and II. Their work spread to many countries, including the United States.

Mère Marie of the Ursulines, together with three other nuns, arrived in Quebec on May 4th, 1639, to establish a school and a hospital. An epidemic of smallpox was raging among the Indians and there was plenty to do. For thirty-two busy years Mère Marie carried on her nursing work in the pioneer settlement in spite of scarcity of food, bitterly cold winters, months of waiting for supplies to arrive from France, and ever-present threat of the hostile Iroquois. Today the institution which she founded in Quebec is

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still carrying on its good work in buildings covering several acres.

Jeanne Mance arrived in Montreal in 1644 and established a hospital and training school for Indian nurses. The money she brought with her to build a hospital had to be used instead to build a fort for protection against the Indians, but this soon became a hospital, as the sick and injured were brought in for her to tend. Her delft-blue medicine jars, pewter measures, and druggist's scales may still be seen in Montreal today.

Friederike Fliedner. When the people of northern Germany, under the leadership of Martin Luther, broke away from the Catholic Church, the tender ministrations of the nuns were lost to the sick and the poor. Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth, Germany and his wife, Friederike, sought to remedy this by training Protestant deaconesses to aid in problems of education, relief, and nursing. Though they were without funds, they took over the largest house in town as a hospital and training school.

The first candidate was a doctor's daughter, but when she saw the bare building she exclaimed, "I cannot work here! If God were

(Continued on page 49)

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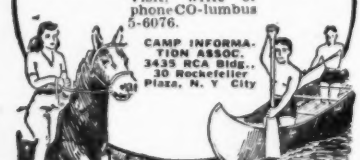
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FREE CATALOG

OFF THE RECORDS

Record stuff about singers, baton wavers, music matter, platter chatter. . . .

by JOEY SASSO

THE Detroit Tigers had better watch out, for Frank Sinatra has organized a softball team which threatens to invade the professional field. The club—aptly christened "Swooners," and happy about their recent 6-1 victory over the Hollywood Park Jockeys, witnessed by 5,000 fans at Gilmore Stadium, Hollywood—have announced that they're prepared to take on all comers. The team is outfitted with colorful uniforms bearing the lettering "Swooners" on the front, and emblazoned with "How Many Times Have You Seen Anchors Aweigh?" across the back. Frank, who holds down the second base spot on the team, has been having a field day at the plate. There were plenty of laughs at a recent practice session when the singing second baseman turned up with a uniform lettered, "How Many Times Have You Slept Through Anchors Aweigh?"

Jo Stafford, whose lilting voice and sweet song styling have made her one of the country's outstanding feminine vocalists in less than a year, can now also qualify as the country's busiest singer. After concluding a show-stopping engagement at Manhattan's "La Martinique," Jo is now in Hollywood, where she will make screen tests for Paramount Pictures. She will resume her duties on the Ford radio show on her return to New York, and will take on the added job of featured singer two nights a week on the "Chesterfield Supper Club," alternating with Perry Como. This will make her radio's only feminine singer to be starred on two big networks simultaneously. Incidentally, if you're looking for a real treat—drop a nickel in your nearest juke box and listen to Jo's latest Capitol recording, "Gee, It's Good to Hold You."

Phil Brito, the Mutual network crooner, has been spending his spare time at his typewriter, doing a series of "soap opera" sequences built around the life of a radio singer, which he hopes to sell to one of the networks to augment his current show.

Sammy Kaye's long search for a vocalist to replace Nancy Norman, who left to marry singer Dick Brown, is over. Not one, but two, lovely songbirds, Betty Barclay and Susan Allen, have been signed to sing for the "Swing and Sway" maestro. Neither girl has sung with an orchestra before. A

blond Southern belle, Betty hails from Macon, Georgia, and Susan Allen, a brunette, is a native New Yorker. In his nation-wide quest for new talent, Maestro Kaye heard more than 4,000 recordings, and auditioned approximately 500 girls.

INCIDENTAL NEWS

Frankie Carle's opening at the Pennsylvania had the management dusting off the SRO sign; the whole town seemed to be there . . . Hats off to Woody Herman, who impressed his fans and pals alike with his smooth job of emceeing on his opening show for Wildroot . . . Les Brown and his orchestra are headed for the Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania this winter . . . Ray McKinley expects to be in civvies soon . . . Irene Day is no longer Charlie Spivak's vocalist . . . Claude Thornhill is hospitalized at Great Lakes . . . Andy Russell's album, titled "Favoritos," sold out in three days after Capitol released it . . . Columbia will soon record Xavier Cugat's first long-hair album . . . Phil Moore has received blessings from Victor Records to build a full band, on the strength of the popularity gained during the past year with his Phil Moore Four Discs . . . Harry James will return to the air waves only if he can get his own band, preferably with Betty Grable as lead . . . The Pied Pipers and Sinatra are together again on the Old Gold show via CBS—they were featured with Tommy Dorsey four years ago . . . Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge is back on NBC, despite rumors that Kyser was bowing off the air waves . . . "Spotlight Bands" celebrated its third anniversary . . . Gene Krupa tossed a big party at 400 Club in honor of T. Dorsey's 10th anniversary as a topflight maestro . . .

RECORD SESSIONS

It Might As Well Be Spring . . . "Give Me The Simple Life"—Sammy Kaye (Victor): There has never been a piece better suited to Sammy Kaye's style than this grand tune on the first side. This and the reverse are ideally adapted to the "Swing and Sway" rhythm, and have a turn of melody that is smartly orchestrated at a fine tempo. The lyrics of the first side feature the voice of Billy Williams, who gives the vocal a romantic quality in perfect tempo for

this catchy tune. Sammy's new vocalist, Betty Barclay, makes her disc debut on the platter mate.

Romberg's "When I Grow Too Old To Dream" . . . "Who Are We To Say"—Allan Jones (Victor): These two hits by veteran composer and conductor Sigmund Romberg are Victor's first recording by the popular concert, radio, and screen tenor Allan Jones since the release of the successful "I Dream of You" and "I'll Walk Alone." These two old favorites are a must for every record fan. The orchestra is conducted by Ray Sinatra.

Just A Little Fond Affection . . . "Surprise Party"—Charlie Barnet (Decca): One of England's number one hits is presented for American consumption by Charlie Barnet. The first is well suited to his style and gets fine treatment with the Barnet sax and dance rhythm. The platter mate is a surprise—listen closely for the unexpected twist at the end of the clever lyrics. Fran Warren and Redd Evans handle the respective vocals.

I Can't Begin To Tell You . . . "Love Me"—Andy Russell (Capitol): Andy Russell opens with a beautiful love song that will soon have the nation humming. Add those Paul Weston strings, and you have another Capitol hit on the way. The reverse side is likewise in a romantic mood with Paul Weston scoring again with his music background.

Body and Soul . . . "Honey Come Back Again"—Art Van Damme Quartet (Musicraft): The Art Van Damme Quartet offers

Doll Up Your Program

(Continued from page 47)

on your side He would at least provide you with the necessities." Just then the rumble of cart wheels was heard and a rough voice called, "Does Pastor Fliedner live here?" It was a load of precious hospital supplies!

Friederike Fliedner, good housewife that she was, believed so thoroughly in scrubbing the floors that scrubbing was a part of nurses' training until recent years. Housekeeping, cooking, washing, care of the linens and the garden were assumed in turn by the nurses. They were also required to pass the drug-gist's examination, and were given medical instruction by a physician. Both Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale studied nursing at Kaiserswerth. In 1850 several Kaiserswerth deaconesses journeyed to America and established the Passavant Hospital in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Sairey Camp hardly seems to belong with the others, since she typifies the worst in nursing. After Henry VIII drove the monks and nuns from England and seized the riches of their abbeys, nursing passed largely into the hands of ignorant, drunken women. Sairey Camp—though a fictional character who thought more of her own comfort than that of her patient, who slept while he suffered, took his food and even his pillow, and waited for him to die in order that she might go through his possessions and make off with everything of value—had many counterparts among real nurses. No wonder Flor-

a strictly commercial styling of hot jazz that will attract the attention of the jazz fans. This combination of accordion, vib, bass, and drum has all the possibilities of another up-and-coming disc find.

It's Been A Long, Long Time . . . "I Can't Get You Out of My Mind"—Phil Brito (Musicraft): Phil Brito's baritone gives a romantic turn to this swell ballad, with the strings of Phil Davis' orchestral accompaniment. For the platter mate, Phil does another good job of vocalizing in a grand tune which seems destined to become another hit.

I Can't Begin To Tell You . . . "Wait-in' For the Train To Come In"—Harry James (Columbia): Harry James comes through with a fine recording on the first side, playing a great chorus with his magic trumpet, with Ruth Haag singing the lyrics in a winning way. There are many listening thrills on the reverse side in Kitty Kalen's smooth vocal.

My Guy's Come Back . . . "These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You"—Thelma Carpenter (Majestic): On the first side, Majestic scoops the field with the first recording of an overseas G.I. hit, written by Pvt. Mel Powell and T/Sgt. Ray McKinley of the Army Air Force Band, created by the late Major Glenn Miller. Thelma Carpenter, Eddie Cantor's new singing discovery, assisted by the Deep River Boys and accompanied by Bud Freeman's orchestra, recorded the tune for Majestic. The reverse side is Thelma Carpenter's version of an old stand-by.

THE END

ence Nightingale's mother did not want her daughter to be a nurse!

Florence Nightingale (1820-1910) was born in Florence, Italy of wealthy and educated English parents. As she grew up she wished to become a nurse, but her mother could not picture her gently bred daughter beside the ignorant, drunken, immoral women who then worked as nurses in the great smelly, prisonlike hospitals. Although denied her ambition, Florence continued to study sanitation and to visit nursing nuns in Rome, to observe the work of the Sisters of Charity. Finally she enrolled for three months' training at Kaiserswerth. She then became head of a small nursing home in London.

The newspapers of that day were filled with accounts of the neglect of the wounded on the Crimean Peninsula. Florence Nightingale was put in charge of recruiting nurses, and enlisted a group which included ten Catholic nuns, fourteen sisters of the Church of England, and fourteen hospital nurses. At that time an unmarried Victorian lady, even if she were thirty-five, did not start off for the battlefield without a chaperon. So accompanied by her uncle, Miss Nightingale sailed with her nurses for the Crimea.

They arrived at Scutari on November 4th, 1854 and found not one, but two hospitals full of wounded. Eighteen hundred patients were ranged along four miles of corridors, lighted only by candles stuck in bottles. Rats and mice scamped over the overflow patients lying on the cold floors. Polluted water was causing dysentery among the men, many of whom lay untended in their dirty,

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blood-stiffened clothing. There was not a basin, a towel, or a bit of soap in the place.

While Miss Nightingale was wondering what to do first, more wounded were unloaded. She and her nurses set to work. The hospital and the patients were cleaned up. The water supply was purified, a laundry established, and nourishing food prepared for the sick. When military red tape forbade her to claim supplies already on the dock, she sent men to break open the boxes and seize the supplies. Where forty out of every one hundred patients had been dying, now all but two recovered.

When the war was over Miss Nightingale returned to England, where a fund was raised in her honor by a grateful public. She used this money to establish a school for

nurses, and spent the rest of her life writing on sanitation and nursing, bringing about reforms in military and civil hospitals, and acting as health consultant to the world at large. She lived to be ninety.

Clara Barton (1821-1912). There was no Red Cross to aid in nursing the wounded during the Civil War. Catholic and Protestant nursing sisters did all they could, and untrained women volunteered in large numbers. Clara Barton organized some of these volunteers, and at her own expense carried her nursing even to the battlefield.

In 1869 she visited Switzerland and saw for herself the work of the Red Cross. Returning to the United States in 1873, she began her long fight to organize the American Red Cross. Naturally she became the first

president, in 1881, of the new society, and held that office for twenty-three years.

Dorothea Lynde Dix (1802-1887) organized the first Army Nurse Corps for the United States Government during the Civil War. Fearing to lose her nurses through marriage, she specified that they must be thirty or more years of age, as homely as possible, and dress in unbecoming brown or black uniforms. After the war she resumed her work for the insane, in which she had been interested since 1841, and through twenty years of concentrated effort she prevailed upon State legislatures to establish hospitals for care of the insane, who up to this time had been kept in jails, poorhouses, or chained up at home.

M. Adelaide Nutting, first principal of the school of nursing at Johns Hopkins, introduced theoretical studies before ward practice, and succeeded in shortening the student's day to eight hours and extending the training course to three years.

Jane Delano (1862-1919) graduated from Bellevue Training School for Nurses in 1886. She nursed in a yellow fever epidemic in Florida, served as public health nurse in a mining town in Arizona, and eventually became head of the Army Nurse Corps. During World War I she was in charge of the Red Cross Nursing Service and through her office 20,000 nurses were recruited for the Army and Navy. Known as the "great Army nurse" and the founder of the Nursing Service of the American Red Cross, she was awarded the D.S.M. in recognition of her services. She died in France immediately after the war, in line of duty.

At first a regulation uniform was not required in New York's Bellevue Hospital, and as the authorities began to see the need for such a dress, they were afraid to approach the students regarding the matter, for fear they would be offended. Finally one of the students, a tall, pretty society girl who was much admired by the other students, consented to model the new uniform.

When she appeared in the wards next day in trim blue and white, all the other girls immediately wanted a uniform just like hers. The leg-o-mutton sleeves, and the floor-length skirt plumped out by several starched petticoats, would hardly appeal to modern girls. The student nurse of today still wears blue and white, but skirts have been shortened and sleeves deflated. The graduate nurse is entitled to wear white, and a red cross on her cap shows that she is a member of the American Red Cross Nursing Service, which goes into action in emergencies.

All this is but a part of the fascinating things learned by the York-Adams Senior Girl Scouts in their happy experience of dressing dolls to represent famous nurses of history for their junior nursing project.

Bibliography: Some of the books from which the Scouts got their information for this project were: Holland's "Historic Girlhoods"; Kirkland's "Girls Who Made Good"; Nolan's "Story of Clara Barton"; Richards' "Florence Nightingale"; Repplier's "Mère Marie of the Ursulines"; Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit"; Williamson's "Great Catholics"; and Walsh's "Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries."

THE END

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